

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 594.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1839.

PRICE  
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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON—FACULTY OF ARTS.**—Notice is hereby given, that the EXAMINATION for the DEGREE of BACHELOR of ARTS for the current year will COMMENCE on MONDAY, the 27th of MAY.

The Chief Subjects selected for this Examination are:—The Apology of Socrates and the Crito of Plato.—The Georgics and the Sixth Book of the Aeneid of Virgil.

Further particulars may be learned on application to the Registrar, at the apartments of the University, Somersett-house.

By order of the Senate,

R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Somerset House, March 11, 1839.

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON—FACULTY OF LAWS.**—Notice is hereby given, that the EXAMINATION for the DEGREE of BACHELOR of LAWS for the current year will be held in the Month of NOVEMBER.

Candidates must send their applications to the Registrar, before the 15th of April next.

By order of the Senate,

R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Somerset House, March 11, 1839.

**ENGLISH LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.**—Professor BULLOCK will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES on the LAWS of ENGLAND, on FRIDAY, the 12th of April, at Seven o'clock precisely in the Evening, and will continue it at the same hour on every succeeding Tuesday and Friday during the academic term.

J. CONSDALE, B.D. Principal.

King's College, London, Feb. 26, 1839.

Free admission to the Introductory Lecture, on the 12th April, will be given to any gentleman presenting his card of address.

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND,** for the RELIEF of their WIDOWS and ORPHANS.—Instituted March 22, 1810. Incorporated by Royal Charter August 2, 1837.

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Thomas Charles Palmer Dimond, Esq.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of that branch of the Society for the Management and Distribution of the Artists' Fund, called the Benevolent Fund, will be held at the Freemason's Tavern on WEDNESDAY, the 20th of March, at Two o'clock precisely.

JONH MARTIN, Esq.

**ST. GEORGES HALL, LIVERPOOL.—TO ARCHITECTS.**—The Committee appointed for the Erection of ST. GEORGES HALL, in Liverpool, are ready to RECEIVE DESIGNS for that Building,—in the erection and completion of which it is proposed to expend a sum not exceeding £1000.

A Premium of Two Hundred and Fifty Guineas will be paid for the Design which the Committee shall consider best adapted for the purpose; and One Hundred and Fifty Guineas for the second best.

Printed particulars, containing a general statement of the accommodation required, with a plan of the land and its approaches annexed, may be had on application to the Secretaries, Mr. G. Deane and Mr. Thomas Harvey, Harrington Chambers, North John-street, Liverpool.

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Mr. L. A. LEWIS will SELL BY AUCTION, at his House, 125, Fleet-street, (removed from 15, Poultry,) on THURSDAY, 21st, at 12.

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—Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal, Feb. 1839.

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS SOPHIA,  
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Those individuals whose benevolence has led them to investigate the condition of the Working Classes of the Metropolis, can scarcely have failed to observe how prominent a cause of pecuniary difficulty exists, in the excessive rates at which they are obliged to pay for dwellings, and to notice the train of evils, subversive equally of morals, health, and comfort, of which they are in consequence exposed.

The Labouring Classes are, in most cases, densely congregated, (one house being usually inhabited by several families,) in small alleys and lanes, and low, dark, damp, ill-ventilated dwellings, owing in some cases to the poverty, in others to the vicious habits of their occupants, are, for the most part, devoid of cleanliness, order, or comfort. Some families, indeed, enjoy the comparative luxury of a separate day and sleeping-room; but the greater number possess but a single apartment, which is at once the day-room, and the common sleeping-place of parents and children. Others, in a more destitute condition, are still more closely congregated, several families occupying the same room, an arrangement necessarily productive, not only of bodily disease and infirmity, but also of moral contagion, the diseased and the healthy being crowded together, and the young and innocent brought into immediate association with the hardened and abandoned.

With respect to the rents paid for this miserable accommodation, it is observed that the landlords of the Labouring Classes are now, generally in the hands of persons who lease the whole, and sublet the rooms at weekly rates, varying from £2. 6d. to 4s., and even as high as 5s. each.—price which is calculated to be double the sum paid for similar accommodation by the labouring classes, who enjoy the material advantages of a more convenient home and superior situation.

It cannot be expected that any universal remedy can be applied to the serious evils above enumerated: but it is confidently believed that a very considerable alleviation of them may be effected by the means now proposed by this Society, which is founded on a plan suggested by S. A. HANKEY, Esq., of Upper Street.

With this view, it is intended that the Society shall take, on lease, some courts, alleys, or small streets, conveniently situated, and as far removed from the centre of the city as possible. The houses in the first instance are to be thoroughly repaired and drained; and provided with every requisite for due ventilation and warmth, together with such accommodation, as to cupboards, shelves, &c., as may contribute, at small expense, to the comfortable enjoyment of the tenantry.

The houses thus provided will be intended to be opened for the reception of weekly lodgers, on such a scale of rents as may be compatible with the expenses and liabilities of the Society. And as it may be presumed that a respectable Society, becoming the landlord, will, in general, be anxious to let the dwellings to persons of good character and conduct, obtain them at a rate somewhat lower than the present rent, it follows that the tenants of the Society may reap a corresponding advantage.

Among the advantages offered to the well-disposed poor by these arrangements, the following may be mentioned:—

The protection and friendship of an influential Society, constituted solely with a view to the welfare and happiness of its tenants.

2nd. A powerful encouragement to the maintenance of high moral principle, and removal from the temptations of evil example, by the exclusion of the idle and dissolute as fellow-lodgers.

3rd. The enjoyment of domestic order and quiet, and facilities otherwise unattainable for the right training of children, and the observance of religious and social duties.

4th. An opportunity of obtaining comfortable lodgings, arising from the occupation of cleanly and healthful apartments at a reduced cost, enabling parents either to effect an important weekly saving, or to meet the demands of a large family by additional accommodation.

5th. A stimulus to the social and moral improvement of the Poor, their religious interests will not be forgotten by the Society. The influence it will naturally exercise over its tenants, will be at all times used in facilitating the circulation of the Scriptures, in promoting a desire for the pastoral visits of the Clergy, in stimulating the attention of the Sunday Schools, and Moral Schools,—in short, in furthering every design which may entail those principles and habits which "have the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." In effecting these desirable objects, the Society's operations cannot fail to act as a powerful check upon a wide-spread vice, which is morally, if not physically, beyond the circle of those most immediately benefited. They will teach a great moral lesson, in a form palpable to the senses of those whom they cannot directly influence, by connecting solid advantages with good conduct, and thus stamping virtue with a character, as well as a reward, which is the best spur to persevere in a respectable course, and prove an inducement to the idle and vicious to forsake habits of life pregnant with degradation and suffering.

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## REVIEWS

*Richelieu, a Play; Odes, &c.* By Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart. Saunders & Otley.

LET US give up all hopes of legitimate drama—what then? Why, do with the children of the brain as with those of the body in like dilemma—raise the *illegitimate* into respectability! There is a drama of one kind or other suitable to every stage of human existence; the vintager would have his mimic heroes venerable in a goat's beard or truculent in the blood of the grape, to furnish forth his rural pastime, while the polished Athenian looks for the cothurn, sonorous mask, and double pipe, wherewith to exalt the tone of his amusement: our Elizabethan progenitors required truth beautified, deep-sought reality, yet sublimed beyond possible nature by poetic art, the wand that charmed them to be a thyrus, sharp and stalwart, but clad from heel to point with richest fruits and flowers and foliage: our "Augustan age" was content to hear great mouths making much of little things, Cato uttering classic commonplaces, Zanga protruding cheeks into lips, like a proboscis to disembogue his windy eloquence: nothing less could please our neighbours than Cida à la cour and perfectly well-bred Bajazets. Egotism lies thick and close at the root of love for the drama: as long as man is interesting to himself, so long will he like to see his image reflected from the mirror, however untrue, of dramatic representation. Therefore then should our era not have its own drama, though not the drama of another? It is a maxim no less sound in poetry than in politics, that the spirit of the times, under just restrictions, should legislate. Ancient drama resembles Magna Charta, made by and for our lords of poetic literature, with little in it which concerns the commoners. True, the spirit of our present era may fall very short of divine inspiration; but the best must be made of it, as this, however bad, will prove better than no inspiration, or unnatural. Byron may rank below Shakspeare and Milton, yet was he very wise not to have attempted 'Manfred' in the key of 'Macbeth,' or 'Heaven and Earth' in that of 'Paradise Lost.' Second-hand inspiration never produces even second-rate works.

The general principle granted, we proceed with the special. An author ought to be a sort of distilling-worm, through which the dilute spirit of his age, thrown off from the great mass of materials, should pour itself and come out concentrated. But there are applications requisite, or the spirit may come out as dilute as it went in: there are infusions, likewise, to give it colour, odour, and ethereal savour: it is the peculiar nature of these modifying applications and infusions that distinguishes genius, talent, cleverness, and all other grades of mind. Authors who cannot apply certain restrictions and add certain infusions to the spirit of their age, only deserve the name of *funnels*. Public taste absorbs a feeble mind, but is itself imbibed, and, though never pure, breathed forth aromatically again by genius. What did Walter Scott? He found a reigning taste for romance brought down to real life, in the form of Novels—a taste green-sick enough, given to devour crude sentimentality and love-trash by the bushel—but he adopted it, rectified, strengthened, exalted it, and behold—volumes of salubrious, instead of sickening literature! Mind, highly creative, produces beautiful world out of water. Wherefore, we ask again, should not the popular taste, such as it is, for drama, by the force of genius purifying and elevating it to the utmost, give birth at last to somewhat preferable, positively good of its species? We have elsewhere said, and now submit once more, that the existing

taste for stage-representations is essentially *melo-dramatic*—to use a current term, which might well be replaced by semi-dramatic, or some less egregious misnomer. This species confines itself pretty much to one-half of legitimate drama, viz., story, situations, and stage-effect. Our mixed audiences care little about subtle development of character, probable conduct of plot, poetic images, and harmonious rhythm: characters forced out, not brought out, incidents crushed together, not fused, garish metaphors, and language that soothes with insipidity or strikes with bombast, are not so much endured as desired for sake of the all-important "situations" they hurry on and herald. In fact, the whole art of modern drama, when most efficient, may be reduced to the art of laying *clap-traps*. Those few plays which find favour by means less illegitimate, resemble valetudinarians, whom we cherish because of the interest thrown about them by their feeble endeavour to live and proximate departure. But modern drama, continuing substantially what it has been, why should not the art on which we have shown it to depend, obtain a handsomer name—when made appropriate? Why should not this art, by being raised to the utmost perfection of which genius can feel its rudiments capable, render Semi-Drama excellent and admirable after its kind? There is but a like transmutation needful, to one already performed by wizard-mind on Novel-writing. Nay, we all know what that exhibition of preposterous graces called a *Ballet* was once—we know what it might become, from glimpses at perfection, caught through the mesh of beautiful lines woven by a celebrated dancer's movements. Is melo-drame much else than a Speaking Ballet, made up of picturesque incidents, situations, groupages, pauses, "points," surprises, and so forth? If, however, a female tripliater, filled with the spirit of her times, as her popularity evinces, nevertheless dares apply restrictions to it which render her performances, even in that impure spirit, such as Ariel might praise—surely a dramatic author may be looked for of no less courage and conduct. Or is there not one Taglioni genius among all our dramatists? We are persuaded, many. But the test, as above said, will be in this case, and in every other—has our dramatist been imbued with the spirit of his age, or intoxicated by it? That distinguishes the mastermind, *this* the servile; that is the writer to exalt the semi-drama from its present low state, this to degrade it still lower.

We should take upon us to pronounce the author of 'Richelieu' especially qualified for a perfectionate of the Picturesque Drama. He is popular,—a great fulcrum, whereby to raise the taste of his countrymen: he is fervent, fearless, and fecund almost to excess: his ambition is not squeamish, yet quite above gathering up the largesse of indiscriminate applause among common graspers: he is not overwhelmed, but, though swept away too fast by the flood of public opinion, shows his chin now and then like a swimmer. Better still, our author improves on himself. A production more sentimentally maudlin than 'La Vallière' could scarce have been compounded from all the billets-doux of lovelorn shepherdesses that twirled their crooks by the fountains of Versailles. Its author, perhaps, deemed this sentence both uncivil and unjust when we gave it first—yet was his flower of poesy but the *bouquet* of a season, and now lies scentless, dead—were we so blameable? Skilfully calculated for stage-effect, 'The Lady of Lyons' had that merit:—a praise it must divide with hundreds of melo-dramatic ineptitudes which have held Old Hydra by the ear quite as long and as fast. 'Richelieu' has pretensions far beyond those of the plays here cited, being a

specimen of picturesque drama in a vein that promises a mine. Nor does this opinion clash with our theatrical criticism given last week: so glutinous is the Great Shark for literary offal, that wholsomer food, not stinging his coarse palate, seems to want savour. 'Richelieu' may run a less number of nights than 'The Lady of Lyons,' but will stand a greater number of days. We can insure it from shipwreck on the shoal of Time by the day only. Its author must do better still: he has power over the elements of stage effect, and should cultivate it, so as to give melo-drama claim to a higher character of composition, and higher title—the picturesque drama, for example. He will thus improve the popular taste with his own,—your longest-eared Ass will not prefer thistle if fed awhile upon macaroni. An author should be something else than mere pandering to the public desire—should forbear to fill the general maw with garbage, simply because gaped at widest: he will consult his own character by elevating that of his audience; for what very enviable homage does the musician win, who brings a swinish multitude about him, be they ever ecstatic at the sound of his horn?

Richelieu's name was selected judiciously; that upon Solomon's ring is scarce a greater spell; awful images are conjured up, and minds prepossessed. The plot has much interest, which seldom flags; the arrangement several picturesque situations, the dialogue many smart and adroit *coups de théâtre*. We have not often seen effect more artistically produced than by the sudden confrontation of jealous husband with the wife whom he believes them in the arms of a royal paramour, and with the relative whom he believes her sacrifice instead of her saviour. We have never heard the boards echoed louder by the house, than when the Cardinal, stamping on a treasonous scroll at his feet, exclaims he will do so upon the traitors. If these must be called "clap-traps," they are of a superior kind, ably set, and should raise the denomination: they awaken lethargic souls with a pleasant shock; Stupidity itself starts up, and opens wide all its gates of understanding—eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils. Even the Minister's first appearance, in the morning dress of a fragile dotor, too weak to wear a heavier robe than petticoat silk—makes a capital antithesis to his character—before he uttered one word, the *picture* alone drew great approbation:—

What shook the stage, and made the people stare?  
Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacquered chair!

It is good, by any allowable means, to set the thunder of applause once a-rolling, as what hardly knows how to stop; but care must be taken to prevent it dying away in murmurs, through lack of all after-impulse. A scene or two followed, in which the *repose*, however well placed, was deeper and longer than desirable—yawns are a kind of involuntary groans, perhaps deserve as much the playwright's attention. Our remarks, it will be perceived, have a generality of aim, their object being to suggest the right principles of Picturesque Drama, whilst we seem to criticize the details of a particular specimen.

'Richelieu' makes, at least has, no pretence on the score of dramatic portraiture, historical or fictitious. As the first it is unfaithful, as the second inconsistent. It exhibits the "Lion-Fox" completely overpowered and outwitted by a tame wolf and a lurcher, in the shape of *Baradas* titled, and *Huguet* a plebeian bravo—the "Grand Politique" strikes no one blow of vigorous policy through the piece—appears, indeed, for a long time as helpless an old child as was ever suckled by Mother Church—and is saved at last by the stratagem of a boy, whom he tells "not to fail," but doesn't tell how to succeed. Yet Richelieu, if without much force

of mind, has great force of character, which perhaps his delineator imagined the same thing, and whether or not, attains quite as well the ends of picturesque drama.

There are fewer and lesser improbabilities in the plot of this play than in 'The Lady of Lyons': one, however, we signalize as most flagrant. Nothing more libellous was ever conceived against the sex by a woman-hater—no ignorance more profound of the human heart, especially the female, was ever betrayed—than exists in the idea of a spotless wife marrying a man she hates to save the husband she adores: *Baradas* must have known that before *Julie*, for his sake, could divorce *Mauprat*, she must be careless about the latter, and whether he lived or died. But inconsistencies, even so monstrous, are concievable enough with the perfect success of modern dramas. Our author seems a little qualified to develop events naturally and necessarily, as characters truthfully and congruously.

Tragi-comic plays form a species native to our melancholy-humorous dispositions, and agreeable to them: 'Richelieu' is tragi-farce, peradventure still more accordant with popular taste, which, yet, a writer should gratify less fully in an item so vicious—here another restriction should apply itself to regulate and exalt melo-drama.

Poetic language strikes us as of little account: diction that does not delay the understanding, stage-formulas, and perhaps a brilliant confusion of images flung out now and then by way of flowers, will do equally well or better. Nothing must impede effect. 'Richelieu' is a sample of quasi-perfection in this style: familiar, full of scenic idioms, obvious at once, except where designed to pass for poetry, when it becomes unintelligible as need be. Why should the language of the picturesque drama be less of a beautiful cheat than the scenes, dresses, and decorations? What would a stage-king gain by a golden crown instead of a gilt one, or a scene by being transplanted instead of painted? We never heard a sentence from Shakspeare listened to with so rapt a silence, or responded to with such a general *purr* of satisfaction, as the following passage: Richelieu says of Louis's love to Julie—

And shall it creep around my blossoming tree  
Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music  
That spirits in heaven might hear?

*How thoughts are to make music, like birds, which spirits in heaven or anywhere else shall hear, puzzles all but playhouse comprehension:*—thoughts may be said to make the *Harmonic Law of the Planets*,—viz., "periodical times are in a sesquialterate proportion of the mean distances"—but this is, we suspect, a peal of chromatic fife of the young-eyed cherubim would adopt for a chime. Again, Orleans says of Richelieu:—

There's not a sunbeam creeping o'er the floors,  
But seems a glance from that malignant eye.

This image is altogether false: sunbeams are gladdening, glorious, benignant, and afford no just parallel for baleful glances, nor should be likened to them—except to dazzle a modern audience. At page 75 we are told of a "silver laugh," and at page 76 of "melodious science," a second allusion, perhaps, to the law of gravitation abovesaid. Our author must indulge strange notions about the power of melody, for he applies it to the oddest subjects—"melodious step"—"melodious gratitude"! All these may contain true and admirable images, but do not give them out with the brief bright flash that cuts its way at once through the darkness. To be plain, their author seems to want that intuitive logic which characterizes the poetical mind, whereby novel and beautiful relations between dissimilar and distant ideas are caught at once, and made converge in the focus of a few lustrous words

till the reader's eye or brain itself becomes illuminated. Casual slips like the above were altogether beneath notice; but we suspect they are meant for choice specimens; at least, occurring so often, they lose the name of accidents, and the real slips appear to be those few into property of imagination. However, yet again we say, pure poetic beauty is beside the purpose of Picturesque Drama, easily spared or absolutely superfluous: this appears from the fact that the best written parts of 'Richelieu' are omitted in the representation. Let us give one without comment, our object here not being poetical criticism:—

RICHELIEU (*reading*).

"In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels  
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power." So sayest thou, sage and sober mortal!

But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy, Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven, And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!

We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams, By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.

I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust

I wood a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.

When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,

Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet

Whereby pale seers shall from their airy towers

Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,

That make the potent astrologue of kings.

But shall the Future judge me by the ends

That I have wrought—or by the dubious means

Through which the stream of my renown hath run

Into the many-voled unfathomed Time?

Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,

And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,

Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.

Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,

That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein

Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take

The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?

O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands

In the unver'd silence of a student's cell;

Ye, whose untempted hearts have never tos'd

Upon the dark and stormy tides where life

Gives battle to the elements,—and man.

Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight

Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch

The hungry billows roar,—and the fierce Fate,

Like some huge monster, dim-seen, through the surf,

Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,

Who write the deeds, and with unfiverish hand

Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,

Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!

History preserves only the fleshless bones

Of what we are—and by the mocking scull

The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!

Without the roundness and the glow of life

How hideous is the skeleton! Without

The colourings and humanities that clothe

Our errors, the anatomists of schools

Can make our memory hideous!

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they

In the time to come may bask beneath the light

Which I have stolen from the angry gods.

And warn their sons against the glorious theft,

Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.

I have shed blood—but I have had no foes

Say those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,

'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,

And smote his sons as Brutus smote his own.

And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and seard'

Before my time—breathing an air of hate,

And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,

And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth

In contest with the insects—hearding kings

And braved by luckies—murder at my bed;

And lone amidst the multitudinous web;

With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold

The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.

And this is power! Alas! I am not happy.

(After a pause.)

And yet the Nile is fretted by the weeds

Its rising roots not up; but never yet

Did one last barrier by a ripple wax.

My onward tide, unswep't in sport away.

Aim I so ruthless then that I do hate

Them who hate me? Tush, tush! I do not hate;

Nay, I forgive. The Statesman writes the doom,

But the Priest sends the blessing. I forgive them,

But I destroy; forgiveness is mine own,

Destruction is the State's! For private life,

Scripture the guide—for public, Machiavel.

Would Fortune serve me if the Heaven were wrath?

For chance makes half my greatness. I was born

Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,

And my triumphant adamant of soul

Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.

Ab!—here!—that spasm!—again!—How Life and Death

Do wrestle for me momently!—And yet

The King looks pale. I shall outlive the King!

And then, thou insolent Austrian—who didst gibe

At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,

Sleeking thy looks to sicken Buckingham,—

Thou shalt—no matter!—I have outlived love.

O! beautiful—all golden—gentle Youth!

Making thy palace in the careless front

And hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul

Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)  
Breadth'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—  
O! for one gale from thine exulting morning,  
Stirring amidst the roses, wheres of old

Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!  
Could I recall the past—or had not set  
The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul  
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;

The yoked steer, after his day of toil,  
Forgets the goad and rests—to me alike  
Or day or night—Ambition has no rest!

Still I resign—who can resign himself?  
For custom is herself,—as drink and food

Become our bone and flesh—the aliments  
Nurturing our nobler part, the mind—thoughts, dreams,

Passions, aims, and aims, in the revolving cycle  
Of the great alchemy—at length are made

Our mind itself; and yet the sweets of leisure—  
An honour'd home—from these base intrigues—

(Taking up the book.)

Speak to me, moralist!—I'll heed thy counsel.  
Were it not best—

(Enter Francois hastily, and in part disguised.)

RICHELIEU (*flinging away the book*).  
Philosophy, thou liest!

Quick—the despatch!—Power—Empire! Boy—the packet!

On the whole, we regard 'Richelieu' as fulfilling, to a very great extent, our prediction put forth last year in noticing 'The Lady of Lyons', that if Sir Lytton (then Mr.) Bulwer dedicated his talents to similar melo-dramatic works, he would enhance their repute, and much exalt their nature. What further improvements are requisite towards perfecting the Picturesque Drama, towards infusing such mental virtue as shall make this branch of literature produce no longer apples of Jordan, but really precious fruit, is a problem we leave to be solved by him and his competitors for the scenic crown.

The three "Odes" annexed to the play deserve a word: they are energetic and eloquent, splendid outflows of phrase, with some fine thoughts, and many that would be so, did not inspiration fail just where most requisite. There is always that canker in their brightest, most consummate flowers—want of truthfulness, arising from defective poetical logic. Falsity may be detected through the gorgeous veil of words which envelops almost every image. Our author has a fondness for French *mots*—he prints this like an oracle, an abstract immutable verity:

*THE FUTURE* is the Haven of *THE NOW*!  
Let us ask, is not the future sometimes the whirlpool of the now, as well as the haven—a gulf to be dredged as well as a cove to be dredged? Again, he pronounces—

*FORCE*, the Cain of Nations.  
Is it never, even *brute* force, the saviour? and how is *moral* force more of a Cain than a Moses?—At page 138 we find "Slander" called the "echo of Repute": which then must be *bad* repute, as an echo may diminish or augment the sound that causes it, but not alter its real character. Elsewhere "Genius" is defined, "but Hope to Action grown"—what a simple receipt for making geniuses! Ambitious shop-boys grown to Lord-Mayors are geniuses, by our author's showing!—We could cite numberless other figures as inflated and false: let us turn, however, to a different point. Strong, if not deep feeling runs through these poems, seldom restrained, at times altogether forsaken, by good taste. In a solemn pindaric on the "Death of Nelson," occurs this marvellous passage;—

His gaze on the ship, Lord Nelson cast,  
"Oho, my old friend," quoth he,  
"Since again we have met we must all be glad  
To pay our respects to the *Trinidad*!"—

We can safely compliment these verses as being but one step from the truest sublime—to say more is needless. We conclude impartially with some of an opposite character in the ode on 'Elizabeth':—

Call back the gorgeous past!  
Lo, England white-robed for a holyday  
While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,  
Peals shout on shout along the Virgin's way,  
As thro' the swarming streets roll on the long array.  
Mary is dead!—Look from your fire-worn homes,  
Exulting Martyrs!—on the mount shall rest  
Truth's ark at last!—the avenging Lutheran comes  
And clasps the Book ye died for to her breast!

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With her, the flower of all the Land,  
The high born gallants ride,  
And, ever nearest of the band,  
With watchful eye and ready hand,  
Young Dudley's form of pride!  
Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour,  
Love half allures the soul from Power,  
And blushes, half suppress'd, betray  
The woman's hope and fear;  
Like blooms which in the early May  
Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,  
And mark the mellowing year.  
While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid  
Less to the Monarch than the Maid,  
Melodious on the ear!

*Memoirs of Aaron Burr: with Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence.* By M. L. Davis. New York, Harper & Brothers; London, Wiley & Putnam.

*The Private Journal of Aaron Burr, during his Residence of Four Years in Europe.* Edited by M. L. Davis. Same publishers.

One of these works, the *Private Journal*, is among the latest importations from America; but the other was published some eighteen months since, and has created, we observe, a considerable sensation in the U.S., particularly among the politicians, a class for which both works possess a good deal of interest. Burr was eminently one of the class himself. Next, perhaps, to his great rivals, Jefferson and Hamilton, of whose character and career also these volumes are full of illustrations, no American ever caused more excitement among the various parties which have divided the republic than Aaron Burr. Two or three events in his history will never perhaps cease to be discussed in that country; we mean especially his duel with Hamilton, (fatal to the life of the latter, and not less so to Burr's own reputation,) and the memorable share he took in the Presidential election of 1800, one of the most exciting and remarkable of the political phenomena which have occurred in the United States. A few reminiscences relating to each of these curious topics, may not be amiss, now that we have received so abundant and authentic a mass of new illustrations.

Burr, it should be premised, having lived more than thirty years after the duel in an obscurity and an odium as miserable as his preceding career had been brilliant, died at New York in the autumn of 1836, at the age of eighty years. Mr. Davis being himself, we believe, not unknown as a political writer in America, and for a long time intimate with Burr, was by him urged on to undertake this publication, which he appears to have performed unreservedly and in good faith. His obvious impartiality at least is creditable to him. He not only makes no attempt to shield Burr from whatever reprehension he deserved, but in some instances has boldly come out, like a true-spirited historian, with disclosures which he might have withheld, and even with strong comments on them. This increases our confidence in those expositions which are in Burr's favour.

The curious affair in which Burr first acquired his equivocal notoriety, may be soon understood, and is worthy of attention, for the light it throws on American politics. The election of 1800 was anticipated, for special reasons, with an extraordinary excitement. The whole country was distracted with it. The rival candidates for the Presidency were, John Adams, (the successor of Washington,) then serving in his first term of four years, and Jefferson; the former being the candidate of what was called the Federal party, and the latter of the Anti-Federal, or Democratic,—combinations then, at length, distinctly developed, and drawn up against each other throughout the country in battle array. These parties were also sometimes called *English* and *French*, seeking to throw odium on each other, by reference respectively to the then exciting condition and policy of the two most conspicuous nations of Europe.

Burr, at this juncture, was resident at New York. He had been, since the war, a lawyer, in full practice and high reputation; the rival, at the bar, of Hamilton, then of the same place; these two standing, by a long interval, and according to universal acknowledgment, at the head of their profession in the United States. In politics, also, they gradually assumed a like attitude, as parties became distinct; Burr attaching himself to Jefferson's party, and Hamilton (who had been Washington's aide-de-camp in the war, and one of his chief secretaries after it,) to that of Adams. Both had become distinguished politicians, leaders of their several parties. The public character of both was unimpeached. Burr, in 1789, had been appointed Attorney General of the State of New York, on the election of a governor whom he had opposed, and had accepted the appointment;—a fact honourable to all parties. Three years after, he was chosen senator, and then appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, which appointment, however, he declined.

Thus matters stood, as the great election in question drew nigh. Parties meanwhile were not only highly excited, but balanced with an equality so remarkable, as to enhance the interest in the issue. In fact, it was calculated on both sides that the state of New York would have the deciding power in her hands: there would be no election by the people; the choice would come into the House, to be determined there by the States. Again, the State of New York would be decided in its political character by the delegation sent to the local State legislature from the city of New York; which, in fact, proved true,—so that that city may be said to have decided the general election. In other words, Burr decided it, for he devoted himself to the local election with extraordinary zeal and complete success. Hamilton and his party were defeated. The city chose twelve democrats. The State legislature was thus made democratic by a small balance, and chose presidential electors of their own party. The whole number of votes given for president by the electors of the States, was 138; of these Jefferson and Burr himself had 73,—as democratic candidates for the two highest offices; Adams and Pinkney having 65 each. Jefferson and Burr being equal, and neither having been formally designated as candidate for President and Vice President, an election now commenced in the House. The balloting continued no less than nine days. The agreement of nine States was necessary to constitute a majority, there being sixteen in all. In thirty-five ballots Jefferson had eight, and Burr six, (the Federalists mostly voting for Burr,) and two of the States were divided. On the thirty-sixth trial, the choice was determined by Maryland and Virginia giving their vote, instead of remaining equally divided, and Jefferson was President, Burr Vice-President.

Thus near did he come to the first and highest office,—thus near, as it were, by a mere emergency, an accident, for he had never considered himself a candidate for it, till the election came on in the House. A little more, and he would have been triumphant: as it was, he was completely ruined. Never was there so signal an instance of a political leader thrown down in one moment from being almost the head of a great party, to being trampled under foot by the same men. Burr never rose afterwards; he was never a candidate set up by any party for any office, after leaving the Vice-Presidency, which he did in disgrace. The secret of this reverse has never been fully explained. Mr. Davis endeavours to show that Jefferson and his friends, who were very powerful, were (honestly perhaps) jealous of Burr, and conspired to effect his political overthrow by every possible means. All manner

of scandal, he says, was circulated against his political character: and the papers were filled with charges of treachery to his party, and desertion of his principles.

The whole proceeding furnishes a lesson worthy of serious consideration, especially to the American people. Our author diminishes the strangeness of the result a little, by his development of the personal character of Burr, which seems always to have been misapprehended; wrapt in a sort of mystery; a mystery, in a great degree, of his own creation. This was one of his singularities. He disdained even to defend himself from the attacks in question. He would not so much as contradict the worst of the charges. This aggravated his situation. His enemies took courage from it. His friends were frightened away from a man who allowed himself to be so labelled. Some inferred his guilt from his silence. Thus matters went on, till the press, so powerful in such a country—a party press—the press of his own party, be it remembered, in addition to that which had always been, always continued his political opponent—succeeded at length in covering him with disgrace and contempt. Only a small coterie of ardent admirers remained by his side. These he was never without.

Thus affairs stood with him up to 1804. If by that time the obloquy had begun to subside in some small degree, an event now occurred which again turned the tide against Burr, and raised it to a pitch of irresistible fury. This was the duel with Hamilton. Mr. Davis gives us all the disagreeable details of this affair. We shall not repeat them. Suffice it to say, that the provocation again arose in a violent contest for State elections, wherein both parties were deeply engaged, and pitted against each other as usual. Burr, perhaps, had now grown more than usually sensitive—rather desperately so. It appears to us that he followed up Hamilton too inveterately for an explanation or apology, which the latter, as a man of honour, could not give:—at all events, so the public determined. The melancholy result completed Burr's ruin. Hamilton's own party idolized him. Of course, Burr became hateful to them. The democrats, on the other hand, wished to shake off the overwhelming odium of the event; and they were not sorry to break off their connexion with the man. Burr, as usual, said nothing; he maintained a proud Indian silence, never moving a muscle. Even in private, it would appear from the volumes before us, he was hardly more communicative than in public. The little he does say shows feeling enough. Nobody that knew him ever charged him with the want of it; but he would not defend himself; he asked no favours. Burr was now a sort of refugee in Philadelphia. Soon afterwards he made a long tour in the southern States; nor did he ever afterwards show himself much in public. Still his misfortunes were not ended. In 1806 he made a tour in the west; and Mr. Davis shows clearly the objects of it. He had a land-speculation in view, and a political one. The latter was construed by his persecutors into *treason*. He was charged with getting up a military expedition into the American possessions of Spain, and thus exciting to a war. To a certain extent this was true. Burr, apprehending such a war to be near, as every body else did, wished to be ready to take advantage of it in some movement which should help the provinces in question (chiefly Mexico) to become independent of the mother country. It was, at the worst, not half so suspicious a movement as the part openly taken by many Americans in the late Texian revolution, and tolerated by the government; or in the Canada affair, censured by the government. At all events, there was no treason in it. Burr, however, was arrested as a traitor, and brought

to trial at Richmond;—one of the most remarkable judicial proceedings which have occurred in the United States. He defended himself with consummate ability, and, in spite of all his enemies, with complete success,—the presiding judge being Chief Justice Marshall, a distinguished member of the Federal party.

The position of Burr, though now again at liberty, was not improved: in some respects it was worse than before. Such is the force of prejudice, such the effect even of an accusation, that Burr was an odious character. Everybody shunned him: he was obliged to retire from his profession: he could not safely reside at New York—scarcely in the United States. He left the country, in fact, and was in Europe four years before he ventured to return. He then resumed his practice with some success, though he finally died in obscurity and poverty. Such was the career of one of the most gifted men America has produced,—a man, too, of many fine qualities, having great faults, but still greater virtues—a victim to party spirit and his own eccentric perversity of disposition. Having drawn this outline of his history, we shall borrow a few passages from the work before us, of a more agreeable character,—such, at the same time, as may help to throw light on the preceding details.

Burr's family was what may be called, in reference to the United States, rather "aristocratic," such grades being necessarily relative. His grandfather was a German of noble parentage. His father, a clergyman, was the first President of Princeton College, New Jersey. This gentleman, who was famous in his days, married the daughter of Jonathan Edwards, who himself afterwards became the second President of the same institution: thus he came fairly by his talents. His only sister was married to Judge Reeve, of Connecticut. His only daughter became the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina.

He was a severe student, in college and out of it, reading sometimes sixteen, and even eighteen, hours a day. During this period occurs the following remark, which throws light on what we have said of his habitual "secretiveness." This brought him into no small trouble, though apparently a mere whim:—

"In 1806-7 great excitement was produced in consequence of Colonel Burr writing in cipher to General Wilkinson. In this particular he seems to have had peculiar notions. However innocent his correspondence, he was, apparently, desirous at all times of casting around it a veil of mystery. The same trait was conspicuous in his political movements and intercourse. This has been one of the weak points in Colonel Burr's character. He was considered a mysterious man; and what was not understood by the vulgar, was pronounced selfish or ambitious intrigue. Even his best friends were often dissatisfied with him on this account. Acting upon this principle of mystery at every period of his life, he has corresponded with one or more individuals in cipher. While yet a student in college, the letters between his sister and himself are frequently written in cipher."

Here is a scrap of a letter, which lets us into one of Burr's chief failings, his vanity:—

"What would you say if I should tell you that — had absolutely professed love for me? Now I can see you with both hands up—eyes and mouth wide open; but don't be over scrupulous. Trust me, I tell you the whole truth. I cannot at present give you any further particulars about the matter, than that I feel foolish enough, and gave as cautious a turn to it as I could, for which I am destined to suffer her future hostility."

Such passages are frequent. Mr. Davis, we are glad to see, makes no attempt to defend Burr on this point, but states that he has destroyed an immense quantity of affectionate epistles addressed to his hero by ladies,—some of them not unknown, but whose names he honourably suppresses. It seems that Burr prided himself on

his powers of fascination, which, indeed, were extraordinary; and it is not a little remarkable, that such powers, and such a disposition to exert them, should have existed together with so much perversity as he manifested in his intercourse with men. He seems to have been always quarrelling with somebody. In 1775, when the war broke out, he quarrelled with all his friends about joining the army. This he insisted on. He went to head-quarters at Cambridge, and there fell sick. The following illustrates his singular headstrong energy and decision:—

"One day he heard Ogden and some young men of the army conversing, in an apartment adjoining that in which he was lying, on the subject of an expedition. He called Ogden to his bedside, and inquired what was the nature of the expedition of which they were speaking. Ogden informed him that Col. Arnold, with a detachment of ten or twelve hundred men, was about to proceed through the wilderness for the purpose of attacking Quebec. Burr instantly raised himself up in the bed, and declared that he would accompany them; and so pertinacious was he on this point, that he immediately, although much enfeebled, commenced dressing himself. Ogden postulated, and spoke of his debilitated state—referred to the hardships and privations that he must necessarily endure on such a march, &c. But all was unavailing. Young Burr was determined, and was immovable. He forthwith selected four or five hale, hearty fellows, to whom he proposed that they should form a mess, and unite their destiny on the expedition through the wilderness. To this arrangement they cheerfully acceded. His friend Ogden, and others of his acquaintance, were conveyed in carriages from Cambridge to Newburyport, distant about sixty miles; but Burr, with his new associates in arms, on the 14th September, 1775, shouldered their muskets, took their knapsacks upon their backs, and marched to the place of embarkation."

The next passage is in a like vein, but it shows good feeling also:—

"A day or two after Burr's arrival at Newburyport, he was called upon by a messenger from his guardian, Timothy Edwards, with instructions to bring the young fugitive back. A letter from his uncle (T. Edwards) was delivered to him at the same time. Having read the letter, and heard the messenger's communication, he coolly addressed him, and asked, 'How do you expect to take me back, if I should refuse to go? If you were to make any forcible attempt upon me, I would have you hung up in ten minutes.' After a short pause the messenger presented a second letter from his guardian, and with it a small remittance in gold. It was couched in the most affectionate and tender language, importuning him to return; and depicting, in the darkest colours, the sufferings he must endure if he survived the attempt to reach Quebec. It affected young Burr very sensibly, insomuch that he shed tears. But his destiny was fixed. He wrote, however, a respectful letter to his uncle, explanatory of his reasons for accompanying the army, and expressive of his gratitude for the kindness he had experienced."

In this famous expedition Burr underwent all manner of hardships. Towards the end of the march, Arnold sent him forward to General Montgomery, on a very delicate mission, which he performed (in the disguise of a Catholic priest,) with singularity. After the General's death—before Quebec—we have another specimen of his spirit. Arnold wanted to send in a flag to General Carleton, to demand a surrender. He told Burr of his plan; the latter, now a Captain, required that he should be made acquainted with its contents. Arnold objected; whereupon Burr remarked that, if the general wished it, he would resign; but that he could not consent to be the bearer of the communication without possessing knowledge of its character. At length, it was exhibited to him. It was demanding a surrender of the fortress, but in terms that Captain Burr considered unbecoming an American officer, and he so stated to the general; adding, that the bearer of such a message, if he were permitted to deliver it, would be treated by the British with contumely and contempt; and there-

fore declined the mission. Another officer was selected, and met the fate Burr anticipated."

Burr's military reputation was already high; and he was soon known to Washington, and became one of his aides-de-camp. This situation, however, did not suit him. He left it; and we find him soon after a major, and then a lieutenant-colonel, under General Putnam's command. In this station he rendered essential services. These Washington appreciated as they deserved, as the memoir itself shows: but he thought better of Burr in his military than in his political capacity. This appears from the fact, that he declined nominating him minister to the French Republic, in 1794, when Gouverneur Morris was recalled, at the request of the French Provisionary Council. Burr was now in high favour with his party,—at least, highly respected;—not much beloved, we suspect, at any time. They sent a committee to the President to move in his favour; and Madison and Monroe, both subsequently Presidents, were on the committee. The scene is characteristic:—

"Washington paused for a few moments, and then remarked, that he had made it a rule of life never to recommend or nominate any person for a high and responsible situation in whose integrity he had not confidence; that, wanting confidence in Colonel Burr, he could not nominate him; but that it would give him great pleasure to meet their wishes if they would designate an individual in whom he could confide. The committee returned and reported the result of their conference. The senators adhered unanimously to their first nomination, and the same delegates waited upon the president and reiterated the adherence of their friends to Colonel Burr. Whereupon General Washington, with some warmth, remarked that his decision was irrevocable; but immediately added, 'I will nominate you, Mr. Madison, or you, Mr. Monroe.' The former replied that he had long since made up his mind never to leave his country, and respectfully declined the offer. They retired, and reported the result of their second interview. The democratic gentlemen were not less inflexible, and instructed their delegates to say to the president that they would make no other recommendation. On the third visit they were received by Mr. Randolph, secretary of state, to whom they made the communication, but who considered it indecorous, knowing the president's feelings, to repeat the message."

In the end, Monroe was selected. But, to return to the war. Here is another specimen of tactics, more spirited than proper, we should say. Washington's army evacuated New York in September, 1776. The retreat was rather confused. By some unaccountable mistake, one brigade was left in New York, and conducted by General Knox to a small fort then in the suburbs, and known as Bunker's Hill. Major Burr having been despatched, at his own request, with a few dragoons, by General Putnam, to pick up the stragglers, discovered the error which had been committed, and galloping up to the fort, inquired who commanded. General Knox presented himself. Major Burr desired him to retreat immediately, or the whole brigade would be cut off and sacrificed. General Knox replied, that a retreat, thus in the face of the enemy, was impracticable, and that he intended to defend the fort. Burr remarked that it was not bomb-proof; that it was destitute of water; and that he could take it with a single howitzer; and then, addressing himself to the men, said, that if they remained there, one half would be killed or wounded, and the other half hung, like dogs, before night; but, if they would place themselves under his command, he would conduct them in safety to Harlem. Burr's character for intrepidity and military skill was already so well established, that they determined to follow him. In the retreat they had some skirmishing, but met with very little loss in effecting their union with the main body of the army."

We do not hear that Burr suffered in any way for this bold flourish; he seems indeed to have established a character for eccentricity as well as ability, which saved him from many hard

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blows, though it, no doubt, got him others. As a disciplinarian, after all, he was uncommonly severe with those under his command—so much so as to excite occasional discontent among irregular spirits. At one time, in winter quarters, near Valley Forge,—

"He was notified of the contemplated mutiny in which he would probably fall a victim. He ordered the detachment to be formed that night (it being a cold, bright moonlight), and secretly directed that all their cartridges should be drawn, so that there should not be loaded musket on the ground. He provided himself with a good and well-sharpened sabre. He knew all the principal mutineers. He marched along the line, eyeing the men closely. When he came opposite to one of the most daring of the ringleaders, the soldier advanced a step, and levelled his musket at Colonel Burr, calling out, 'Now is your time, my boys.' Burr, being well prepared and in readiness, anticipating an assault, with a celerity for which he was remarkable, smote the arm of the mutineer above the elbow, and nearly severed it from his body, ordering him, at the same time, to take and keep his place in the line. In a few minutes the men were dismissed, and the arm of the mutineer was next day amputated. No more was heard of the mutiny; nor were there afterwards, during Colonel Burr's command, any false alarms. This soldier belonged to Wayne's brigade; and some of the officers talked of having Colonel Burr arrested, and tried by a court martial, for the act; but the threat was never carried into execution."

At this time he was only twenty-one years old, and very small for his age. It was a year after when he "repaired to West Point and joined his regiment, notwithstanding the shattered state of his constitution." He was unwilling to absent himself from the service, and at the same time receive pay. Colonel Burr was now in his twenty-third year, and yet so youthful was his appearance, that strangers, on a first introduction, viewed him as a mere boy. As evidence of the fact, he has often related, with great good humour, this anecdote. While he was commanding at West Point, a countryman had some business to transact with him. He requested admittance to Colonel Burr. The orderly servant conducted him into head-quarters. "Sir," said the countryman, "I wish to see Colonel Burr, as I have something to say to him." "You may proceed. I am Colonel Burr,"—*I suppose*, rejoined the honest farmer, "you are Colonel Burr's son." The sentinel at the door heard and repeated the conversation, and Burr was often afterwards designated as "Colonel Burr's son."

In 1779 we have another touch of his spirit: "Colonel Burr, then in feeble health, visited his friends in Connecticut. He was at New-Haven when, on the 5th of July, the British landed, with 2,600 men, in two divisions; one under Governor Tryon, at East Haven, and the other under Grafton, at West Haven. At East Haven, where Tryon commanded, great excesses were committed, and the town set on fire. Colonel Burr was at this moment confined to his bed; but, on hearing that the enemy were advancing, rose and proceeded to a part of the town where a number of persons had collected. He volunteered to take command of the militia, and made an unsuccessful attempt to rally them. At this moment he was informed that the students had organized themselves, and were drawn up in the college-yard. He immediately galloped to the ground, and addressed them; appealing, in a few words, to their patriotism and love of country; imploring them to set the example, and march out in the defence of those rights which would, at a future day, become their inheritance. All he asked was, that they would receive and follow him as their leader. The military character of Colonel Burr was known to the students. They confided in his intrepidity, experience, and judgment. In their ranks there was no faltering. They promptly obeyed the summons, and volunteered. Some skirmishing soon ensued, and portions of the militia united with them. The British, ignorant of the force that might be presented, retired; but shortly returned, with several pieces of artillery, when a cannonading commenced, and the boys retreated in good order. An American historian says, 'The

British entered the town after being much galled and harassed.'

About this time we have something like a new disclosure concerning the treason of Arnold, of which so much has been said. It would seem, from certain communications which Mrs. Arnold made to Mrs. Prevost, whom Burr afterwards married, that she had quite as much to do with the treason as he had. She stated, in substance, that, owing to her disgust at the Americans—

"Through great persuasion and unceasing perseverance, she had ultimately brought the general into an arrangement to surrender West Point to the British. Mrs. Arnold was a gay, accomplished, artful and extravagant woman. There is no doubt, therefore, that, for the purpose of acquiring the means of gratifying an inordinate vanity, she contributed greatly to the utter ruin of her husband, and thus doomed to everlasting infamy and disgrace all the fame he had acquired as a gallant soldier at the sacrifice of his blood."

Some plausible confirmations of this story appear in the memoir, to which we shall return if possible.

#### *History of Protestant Nonconformity in England.* By T. Price, D.D. Vol. II. W. Ball.

The charge of neglecting our ecclesiastical history, so frequently brought against us by continental writers, must soon, we think, cease to be applicable; for within the last few months we have had a dozen volumes on the subject brought under our notice, all creditable for research, and for the most part characterized by a tone of charitable and temperate discussion. But one great difficulty in our religious history seems to have escaped the notice of most writers on the subject,—namely, the change in the popular mind between the accession of Elizabeth and that of Charles I. When Elizabeth ascended the throne the great body of the nation was essentially Romanist; under Charles I. the popular feeling was sectarian and violently anti-papal. There is no evidence of a transition state between sentiments apparently so contradictory as Popery and Nonconformity; and hence some writers have come to the strange conclusion, that Richelieu dictated the Covenant, and that the Jesuits were the authors of dissent.

It seems to us that the difference between these phases of popular feeling was more apparent than real. The Church of Rome had instruments for working on the minds of the ignorant and the uneducated far more powerful than any possessed by the Church of England: its shows, festivals, processions, and images, directly appealed to the senses; its class of preaching friars and mendicant monks brought religion to the homes and the breasts of the vulgar. The English Church was too purely intellectual for its age; it afforded no excitement to men of gross conceptions, no vent for the enthusiasm of unregulated imagination; hence the prophets, as unlicensed teachers were at first called, occupied the ground from which the Romish machinery had been removed. The Puritans satisfied a want of our nature which the heads of the Church had failed to discover, or at least had neglected to supply; they were the inheritors of Romish influence, because they filled the aching void which Romish practice had created. Independent of all political causes, the Church of England, at the outset, failed to be popular, because it had no engines for working on the masses of the people. Laud perceived the evil, and, as a remedy, sought to bring back the Church of England to its ancient state. But Popery, from being a popular idol, had become the object of popular hatred. The violence of the Popes, who had excommunicated Elizabeth, the benedictions bestowed on the Spanish Armada, when Spaniards were regarded as the natural enemies of Englishmen, the sympathies excited by the

struggle in the Netherlands, and the general belief, which the events of the age seemed to justify, that Popery and Civil Despotism were identical, may be mentioned among the causes of the change; but the permanence of this revolution was secured by the irregular forces of the sectarians, who had occupied the positions formerly held by the Romish militia of monks and friars.

These few words of explanation seemed necessary to introduce an examination of Dr. Price's history of the struggle between Episcopacy and Nonconformity, because they help to explain how this contest became identified with the progress of civil freedom; and they also account for the apparently strange fact, that the names of the families implicated in the affair of the holy maid of Kent, are also the names which we find attached to the celebrated Kentish petition for the abolition of episcopacy.

Laud knew that preaching, or, as it was sometimes called, prophesying, was the great source of strength to his adversaries; and hence he and his supporters discouraged it to the utmost of their power. This forms the chief point of Laud's speech against the bishops in 1641.

"They have a mind to worry preaching; for I never yet heard of any but diligent preachers that were visited with these and the like devices. They despise prophecy; and, as one said, 'They would fain be at something more like the mass that will not bite—a muzzled religion.' They would evaporate and dispirit the power and vigour of religion, by drawing it out into some solemn, specious formalities—into obsolete antiquated ceremonies, new furbished up."

This complaint is reiterated by Lords Digby and Falkland; the latter nobleman, in the speech he made in defence of the episcopal order, accused the bishops of irreligious policy with scarcely less force than was exhibited by the advocates for its abolition.

"Mr. Speaker, we shall find them to have resembled *the dog in manger*; to have neither preached themselves, nor employed those that should, nor suffered those that would: to have brought in catechizing only to thrust out preaching; cried down lectures by the name of factions, either because other men's industry in that duty appeared a reproof to their neglect of it, or with intention to have brought in darkness, that they may the easier sow their tares while it was night, and by that introduction of ignorance, introduce the better that religion which accounts it the mother of devotion."

The religious portion of the history of the great civil war, is a series of efforts to construct a church for the people; and the error committed by the leaders of the different parties was, that they would give the people themselves no voice in the matter. If "liberty of prophesying" had been conceded by Laud, and an inferior order of clergy appointed to go among the people, episcopacy would not have been abolished; if the Presbyterians had not insisted on establishing an iron rule not less severe than that of the High Commission Court and Star Chamber, their party would in all human probability have prevailed. But the temper of the times was adverse to a system of compromise; all parties were intolerant and exclusive.

Dr. Price's history, though written by an active partisan of Independency, is, on the whole, a fair and impartial work; we could have wished that he had paid less attention to civil affairs, and more minutely scrutinized the changes in popular opinion. It seems to us that the want which was felt by the English people, was first discovered by John Wesley, and that Methodism is the Protestant institution which supplies the vacuity left unfilled when the monastic orders were abolished. From the age of Elizabeth to the death of Cromwell, we find popular preaching the favourite object of the religious multitude; and the temporary suspension of the estab-

blishment appears to have been mainly owing to the opposition given to prophesying, and similar attempts to engage the feelings of the people. When the mind is uninstructed, men can only be influenced by their senses or their passions; the Church of England unwisely neglected both, and made its appeal entirely to the reason, and hence a large mass of the population adhered to Romanism in Ireland, and was won over to sectarianism in this country.

We shall not follow Dr. Price into an examination of the merits or demerits of the voluntary system, but we think that he ought to have noticed the natural popularity such a system must enjoy. The mendicant friars in the church of Rome are greater favourites with the masses than the secular clergy, because the pride of the people is gratified by the consciousness that they are their dependents. A similar feeling is not without its influence in respect to dissenting ministers. It would lead to a long and not very interesting discussion to examine how far this is beneficial and ought to be encouraged, but we think that the element itself is too important to be omitted in any discussion of the question.

#### MALTA AND MALTESE PUBLICATIONS.

*The Valetta Journal.—The Harlequin.—The Phosphorus.—Il Portafoglio.*  
*Views on the Improvement of the Maltese Language.* By the Rev. C. F. Schlienz.  
*Grammatica della Lingua Maltese.* Di M. Vassalli-Motte.  
*Aforismi e Proverbi Maltesi.* Da M. Vassalli.  
*Description of Malta and Gozo.* By G. P. Badger.

We are indebted to a friend now on service in the Mediterranean, for a cargo of Maltese publications. Many circumstances have combined to awaken an interest respecting this little hide-bound spot; among them may be mentioned, the Commission of Inquiry, and the consequent discussions in parliament; the present residence there of her Majesty the Queen Dowager; and, above all, its having become the centre of Mediterranean steam communication, both French and English.

The Maltese, it appears, are by no means inclined to remain inactive or silent under this awakened attention; and the restrictions which forbade private printing having been removed, we have now before us a dozen or more of periodicals, which have sprung into existence within the last twelve months. Of the tone, temper, or literary merit of these, we cannot speak in terms of very high commendation; but it is young days with the several editors. The work of Mr. Schlienz, on the Maltese language, is important, and the grammar and other works of M. Vassalli will be interesting to the philologist; for the derivation of the Maltese language is an old subject of controversy. The Guide Book also of Mr. Badger will be found a very useful little summary, by the traveller whom fortune or the steam-boats may chance to carry thither.

Malta is naturally a barren rock. Circumstances however have often given to it unnatural importance. The last great event in its history was, the removal there of the Knights of St. John early in the sixteenth century, in whose possession it continued until 1798, when it was captured by the French. In 1800 it surrendered to the English, and was acknowledged as a possession of the British crown by the congress of Vienna. All the stimulants, however, which gave importance to Malta were extrinsic; and when these ceased, the redundant population, left without physical resources, without trade, manufactures, or capital, necessarily sunk down to the poverty and wretchedness so touchingly described by a former Correspondent (*Athenæum*, No. 519). Poverty and ignorance work in a circle, and tend to perpetuate and increase the misery they suffer from. The ease with which mere animal life may be sustained in Malta, tends also to encourage early marriages; and according to Mr. Badger's report, this barren rock is more densely peopled than any, the most favoured country in Europe: the same extent of

surface, he observes, which in England supports 152 souls, contains in Malta nearly eight times that number. This ease is shown in a saying common there, that a man may dine on fish, flesh, and fowl for a halfpenny: and this is not so extravagant as might be imagined. The difficulty is to get the halfpenny. The necessities and even luxuries are so cheap, and money so scarce, that a shopkeeper will not refuse to serve some portion of cooked meat even for a single grain—that is, the sixth part of a halfpenny. What toil and exertion are often gone through to obtain that single grain, is known to every one who has ever chanced to put into the port of Valetta. There are boys, and we believe men, who gain a livelihood by diving for oysters and other shell fish, or articles which may have fallen or been thrown overboard from the ships. No sooner does a vessel arrive than a boat-load or two of these naked striplings come under the stern, and there they will remain through a summer's day, throwing up their arms and bobbing down their heads, to induce the looker-on to toss over a halfpenny, accompanying their significant gestures with "Heave for a dive, capitan, heave for a dive." The moment the miserable coin is thrown into the water, a whole shoal of them instantly plunge headlong after it, and one or other never fails to make prize of it long before it reaches the bottom; and eager struggles may often be seen at considerable depths under the water, as to who shall retain the spoil. This is a sort of sport and pastime at other places, but at Malta it is a trade. From a little luck in this way does many a Maltese boatman date the beginning of his fortune, and at this very time there is in Valetta harbour a well known man, who saved enough from these halfpenny dives to purchase a boat, and in remembrance of the circumstance he has christened her "Heave for a dive," which is blazoned forth in large letters upon her stern.

From the work of Mr. Schlienz before mentioned, we infer, that the Maltese are descended from the Arabs, and their manners and customs tend to confirm this opinion. In their wordy quarrels, which are common enough, they, like the Arabs, instead of abusing each other, vent the whole of their scurility on the relations of their adversaries, beginning by cursing, with vehement voice and gesture, the fathers and mothers, and so on through the several branches of the family; should the quarrel continue long enough, the most distant connexions come in for a share of abuse—yet during the whole tirade not a word personally opprobrious will be applied by the one to the other. Like the Arabs, also, when they do not relieve a mendicant, they seldom fail to give him a benediction—"God provide for thee," being a common expression when unable or unwilling to bestow anything more substantial. "The Maltese," says D'Avilos, "are in general of an ordinary stature, strong, robust, and of a brown complexion." This complexion is indeed considered national, and when a fair child is born, the gossips wring their hands and say, "the mother has been frightened by an Englishman."

One may easily recognize in their character the influence of the climate, and that mobility of sensation, gesture and features which characterize many people in the equinoctial regions of Africa. They are full of fire, and endowed with a penetrating imagination; they possess very lively passions, and are tenacious in their opinions, in their love and their hate. The action of a hot climate, beneath an almost continually serene sky, renders their physical and moral character very expressive; they do not know how to conceal their real sentiments with the mask of convenience; insomuch that there can be nowhere found men less disguised, and whose character can be more easily guessed by their physiognomy.

Though Malta is naturally little better than a barren rock, yet industry has made it comparatively fertile.

"On many of the hills and rising grounds the fields are enclosed with stone walls, built up so as to form terraces, in order to prevent the heavy rains of winter from washing away the soil, and preventing the cattle from entering them. These walls, which are formed of the broken stones from the quarries of the island, give the country a very monotonous appearance; while their bright colour reflects back the rays of the sun in summer, and renders the heat much more

powerful. The chief productions of the island are corn and cotton. In some parts the land yields forty and even sixty to one of the former, while in others not more than from twelve to twenty-five. This fertility must be attributed as well to the industry of the Maltese farmers, as to the natural richness of the soil. Indeed, the industry of the country people in cultivating their little island is surprising. The land is never permitted to rest, but is laboured and sown year after year without intermission. Wheat is sown every alternate year with barley and clover about the month of November; the harvest commences in June. The barley is gathered about the month of May. After this crop, the fields are sown with cotton, melons, cummin, sesam, and other seeds. By this process, the land is not exhausted, and should it appear to be getting poor, instead of barley, peas, beans, Indian-corn and other leguminous plants are substituted. The cotton of Malta is of a very fine quality, and forms the chief article of export. It is of two kinds, distinguished by their colours, one being white, and the other of a dark hankeen colour. This plant is sown about the end of May, and gathered in the early part of September when the rains begin. In the year 1801, the value of raw cotton produced in these islands amounted to about half a million sterling. From various causes, however, especially the new discoveries of machinery for preparing the article, and the abundant supplies from Egypt, from whence it can be procured at a cheaper rate, the value of late years has diminished one half. The seed of this plant is used by the inhabitants for fattening their cattle, and I remarked that the same custom prevailed in the east, it being the chief food which the Arabs of Syria and Palestine give to their camels. A fine species of clover, called by Linnaeus *hedyotis coronarium*, with a red flower, is very abundantly produced in this island during the rainy season. The appearance of the fields when this plant is in blossom is really delightful. It grows to the height of from four to five feet, and forms green forage for horses, mules, &c. in winter, and what remains is put up and dried to be used as hay in summer. The other provender given to cattle is barley and carobs; both which are raised in the island, but not in sufficient quantity for the consumption. The carob or locust abounds here, and is one of the few trees which are green all the year round. It is found scattered about the country, and grows in the most stony and rocky soil. Many of the poorer classes use this fruit as an article of food, and when baked in the oven possesses by no means a disagreeable flavour. It is quite common in the country for the traveller to be annoyed by children who hold out their hands begging for *Habba Harroob*, a grain to buy locust with. Besides the above, Malta affords a great abundance of vegetables and fruits. In fact, it would be a surprising sight for a stranger to stand without the gates of Port des Bombes, before sun-rise during the fruit season, and see the numerous carts laden with rich supplies of the above articles waiting for admittance into the city. The market, at this time, is well stocked with strawberries, figs, pomegranates, grapes, apples, pears, peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, melons, and prickly-pears, which are sold at very low prices, and upon which many of the poorer classes, who are unable to purchase other food, chiefly subsist. The oranges of Malta are justly prized for their excellent quality; and the great quantities which are exported to England and other countries shows the esteem in which they are held abroad. The season continues for upwards of five months, from November to April, during which time these beautiful trees are covered with abundance of fruit. The egg and blood oranges are considered the most superior. The latter has been produced, according to some, by grafting the common orange-bud on a pomegranate stock; but this opinion is quite unnatural, and requires evidence to sustain it. The grapes also are excellent, but the island does not produce more than sufficient for its own consumption. The first fig, which is called *baitra ta San Juan*, or St. John's fig, because it is generally ripe about the anniversary of the feast of that apostle, is of a large size, much larger than I ever met with in any part of the East. About the latter end of July, three other kinds appear, of a smaller size, but of a more delicious flavour: one of these is white, and the other two are of a black or dark purple colour, called by

the native second crop, but this is much esteemed of this fruit, and its adoption, others, is interesting towards off, and to be supplied by means of account & the danger male tree many small fruit trees with the are covered female fruit necessary tempts Fred. Ca in these mate was also, much silk-worms during theings; but excellent not turn has them supplied which are every field with the summer, a fertile a shallow, below is over, and Were all in suing only vi "In sumption Malta that qua yield ver as it is there is ever, are a superer of milk, about him; the animal sheep is Gozo, a, "The remarkable metry & vehicles not unf in treachery very can only the price; "For domes market Game XUM

the natives *farketsdn* and *parrott*. A little later, a second crop from the tree of the first large fig is ripe : but this is of an inferior quality, and not held in much esteem. A peculiar process in the treatment of this fruit is worthy of remark ; and the necessity of its adoption in some countries, to the exclusion of others, is a question which the curious may find it interesting to determine. When the figs are advancing towards maturity, in order to prevent their falling off, and to hasten the ripening, a cluster of male figs is suspended upon the branches of the female tree, by means of a plant (*Ammi majus*) called on this account *Dakra*, which effectually secures them from the danger, and soon effects the desired end. The male tree is called by the natives *dokkara* ; and as many small winged insects are generally found in the fruit upon opening, it is the firm belief of the country people that the tree generates them. I have heard several opinions advanced on the subject, but the most rational way of accounting for it, is, that these small flies, which abound about all kinds of fruit trees, entering into the male fig, get clothed with the pollen with which the stamens on the inside are covered, and, carrying it with them into the female fig, produce that natural coalition which is necessary for the effectual generation of fruit.

Attempts were made during the government of Sir Fred. Cavendish Ponsonby to cultivate the cochineal in these islands ; but the attempt failed, as the climate was not found to be favourable. More recently, also, much has been done in regard to the rearing of silk-worms, for which numerous trees were planted during the government of the late Marquis of Hastings ; but, although the silk produced was of an excellent quality, it was found that the trade would not turn to profit, as the worms did not thrive, and has therefore lately been abandoned. The land is supplied with water by the various wells and springs which are found on the island. Of the latter there are a great many, besides numerous cisterns in almost every field throughout the country. These, together with the light dews which fall during the spring and summer months, are sufficient to render the ground fertile and abundant, because the soil, being very shallow, is soon moistened through ; and as the rock below is of a soft porous nature, it retains what is over, and thus keeps the roots perpetually moist. Were this not the case, there would be no crops at all in summer, the heat of the sun being so exceedingly violent.

In regard to cattle, the greater part for the consumption of the island is brought over from the Barbary States. Oxen, especially, are imported from that quarter, and after being fed here for a short time yield very excellent beef. The mutton is less valued, as it is much poorer, on account of the little pasture there is for cattle in the country. The sheep, however, are very prolific, often bringing forth four lambs, and scarcely ever less than two. The goats are of a superior quality, very large, and yielding abundance of milk. It is the custom for the milk-man to lead about his goats in the morning and evening through the streets, in order to serve any who may call for him ; he then kneels down at the door, and milks the animal before the customer. The milk of the sheep is used particularly for making curd ; and in Gozo, a very pleasant kind of fresh cheese, with which it supplies our island, is produced from the same.

The asses and mules of Malta and Gozo are very remarkable for their extraordinary size and the symmetry of their shape. These animals form the chief vehicles for carrying burdens and for draught, and not unfrequently are seen yoked with oxen engaged in treading out corn. The Maltese are in general very careful of their beasts, and take care to supply them with a sufficiency of food.

The race of Maltese dogs, so much renowned in Europe, and called *bichons* by Buffon in his Natural History, is now nearly extinct. They are very small, with long glistening hair reaching down to the feet, a face covered with the same, and a turned-up nose. I acknowledge that I can see but very little beauty in these dwarfish creatures, and am led to think it is only their rarity which fixes their value at so high a price ; they are sometimes sold for forty dollars.

Fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese, rabbits, and other domestic birds and animals are always found in the market, though by no means of a superior quality. Game is less plentiful, except in the months of Sep-

tember and April, when there are generally a great many quails, which light upon the island in their flight, and are not unfrequently caught by the hand. Wild duck, snipe, fig-peckers, woodcocks, plovers and doves form the chief game for sportsmen.

The harbour and the surrounding sea yield abundance of fish, of which there is seldom any want. Mullet, whiting, tunny, swordfish, eels, and various others of the crustaceous genus, such as lobsters, crabs and shrimps are the principal supply of the market. Of the testaceous kind, oysters are found in great plenty, as also several species of the *cardium* or cockle, the *venus*, the *tellina*, and the *patella*, of which the natives are very fond. The *phola dactylus*, or sea-date, is another species very much esteemed by the inhabitants. It is found in soft lime-stones taken out of the sea, and in such quantities, that I have seen fifty extracted from a stone not more than a foot square.

The climate of Malta is a question on which there appears to be much difference of opinion. It is so mild that there is no intermission of vegetation, and every month produces its peculiar flowers.

"The freedom of the island," says Mr. Badger, "from any endemic disease, the ordinary good health enjoyed by the natives, by the English, as also by foreigners resident here, and the actual state of the weather throughout the year, go very far towards establishing the salubrious nature of the atmosphere. During the summer months the thermometer generally shifts from 80° to 85° of Fahrenheit, and towards the end of October sinks to 70°. From this time it gradually decreases until January, when it varies from 55° to 50°, below which it seldom falls, and again rises about the end of February to 60°. From March to May it generally ascends to 70°, and continues advancing until the latter end of June, when the summer sets in. This range continues from one year to another without any important variation. The time, however, in which one is most affected by the heat or cold, is not that which marks their extremes on the thermometer.—The heat is sometimes very oppressive when the thermometer is comparatively low ; and the same remark holds good in regard to the cold in winter, when it is comparatively high. This may be attributed to the direction of the winds, their sudden changes producing a less or greater degree of heat or cold according to the quarter from whence they blow, and their violence modifying the sensations which they cause us to feel. The wind from the north and north-west always brings freshness, while that which blows from the south produces an increase in the heat. Rain has been known to fall in summer, but is of very rare occurrence. The heat, however, is generally tempered by the north and north-westerly winds, which prevail during the hot months, and which render the evenings delightfully pleasant. Though there are sometimes heavy falls of dew during this season, the natives do not find it injurious to sleep out in the open air, which is quite customary with many of the poorer classes, without any bed or covering. When the south wind prevails in summer, the heat is very oppressive ; the atmosphere assumes a hazy appearance, the air has sometimes a disagreeable odour, and its effects on furniture and book-covers, which it cracks and warps, are very destructive. After this wind has lasted for a day or two, the air becomes quite still and confined, and the sensation felt is exceedingly uncomfortable. It is well that this state never continues for more than three or four successive days, and that it is not of frequent occurrence. This wind, which passes over the arid plains of Africa, is not purified from the corrupt miasma which it contains by crossing the sea, as the straits are so narrow between this island and that continent. The wind, which has procured a bad name for Malta by foreigners, is the south-east, usually called the Sirocco. It is most prevalent in September, yet unfortunately is not confined to this month alone, but occurs occasionally throughout the year. Persons with diseased lungs suffer more or less from its consequences ; and hence Malta is by no means a healthy place for such as are inclined to consumption. Strangers, in general, are affected during the prevalence of the Sirocco with great lassitude and debility, which indisposes the system, and renders it liable to suffer from dyspepsia."

The Sirocco is a subject which has engaged a good deal of attention of late ; and our Correspondent, whose opinion as a scientific observer is worthy of attention, thus writes to us :—“ The sirocco is characterized by its hot moist features, and the peculiar hazy, but seldom cloudy, state of the atmosphere attending it, causing lassitude, and a disagreeable depressing feeling in the animal system, but cherishing and promoting the growth of the vegetable system, in consequence of the warm dewy moistness which accompanies it. Generally blowing from the south-east portion of the African Desert, it was long supposed that its moistness in Malta and the European coasts, which it eventually reached in its course, was referable to the vapours sucked up by it from the Mediterranean Sea, in passing over the latter ; but subsequent inquiries having proved that it was as generally found to be a moist wind upon the coasts of Malta and Europe, to which it ultimately extended, this theory has been latterly abandoned. Having given the subject some consideration, during a two years' sojourn on the Mediterranean station, I herewith subjoin the views, which an attentive examination of circumstances have led me to believe afford a satisfactory solution of the matter. Chemical experience naturally forces upon us the conviction that all *original* rain-bearing winds must blow from a warm quarter ; or, in other words, from (in either hemisphere) the Equator towards the Pole ; their contained moisture being progressively condensed into visible vapours, or rain-drops, in the onward motion from the warm latitudes to the cold, by the cold lands over which they pass, or the cold polar winds they encounter ; while, on the contrary, winds moving from the Poles towards the Equator, would have their moisture progressively expanded, instead of condensed. That moisture exists to a great extent, even in the clearest atmosphere, is evident by the great amount of dew precipitated from it in clear nights upon the ground : and, indeed, when we see that even rarefied water (steam) is a drying substance at a high temperature, and a moistening substance at a low, we need not therefore wonder that the original hot and dry feeling winds of the African Desert should become moist siroccos on commingling with the cold winds blowing from the North Pole. It is to this commingling of the hot and cold winds that I attribute not only the moistness of the sirocco, but the principal portion of the rain which falls on this station. By a reference to my journal of the weather, I find that nearly all the rains that have fallen at Malta since my arrival, have fallen either with a south-east wind, or the directly contrary one, a north-west ; owing, as I conclude, to the mingling of the two winds, the cold wind precipitating the moisture from the hot. As some proof of this deduction, I may observe, that the south-east is not always a moist wind, even on its first setting in ; that it soon also becomes a dry wind when blowing strongly, and seldom, indeed, continues a moist one for more than three days, even when its motion is slow. Rain also seldom continues more than the above number of days, at one time, on this island, with any wind, when the latter remains steady in one quarter,—a further proof of the commingling of the adverse hot and cold winds producing the moist atmospheres and rains of this island. This very morning (November 25), I found, on rising, the whole island of Malta shrouded in dense misty vapours, shortly after which rain began to fall from the south-east, (toward which the ships' heads then swung,) but soon shifted from thence to the north-west. On the atmosphere clearing up a little, rain clouds, of nearly a similar altitude, were seen moving in contrary directions—from both the south-east and north-west quarters, the wind affecting the ships gradually shifting, after this, to north, and finally settling down in north-west, whence, at the moment of my penning this (eight r.m.), it now blows a fresh gale, with a clear atmosphere all around. While residing at Newcastle, New South Wales, in 1829, I had once a good opportunity of witnessing the great amount of invisible vapour in a hot dry wind, made visible by a cold wind passing under it, in a contrary direction. While looking towards the sea, during the prevalence of a parching north-wester, then blowing, with the thermometer at 110° in the shade, my attention was pleasingly arrested by a mass of rain clouds congregating towards the south-east, seemingly making rapid progress in the

direction where I stood. The cause of this phenomenon was soon made manifest, by the hot north-wester suddenly ceasing to blow upon me, and a cool south-easter occupying, in a contrary direction, its place; the progressive movement of the south-easter toward the north-west being readily traced by the progressive formation of rain clouds in the north-wester passing in an opposite route over it; the cloudy formation seeming to be instantaneous on the respective currents coming in contact. The Mediterranean sirocco is not, however, invariably a south-east wind, even at Malta; the same moist feeling being frequently experienced in winds blowing from the west of south. It may be objected, to the above views, that if the moist siroccos of the Mediterranean be produced by the commingling of the hot and cold winds, why does not the same commingling produce moist atmospheres in the more interior parts of the African deserts, where the winds are so uniformly parching? To this it may be observed, that the cold winds from the poles, by being eventually exposed, in their progress, to the same calorific radiation and refraction from the burning surface of the African desert, to which the Mediterranean sirocco owes its high temperature, these polar winds must, consequently, become progressively hotter and drier in their passage over it, their change from dry to moist being only effected when meeting with cold winds from the opposite pole, on their approximating the opposite shore of the African continent. While the moist sirocco continues, you will see the cockpit decks, under the ship's wind sails, as moist as if steam had been blowing down them instead of air. In fact, everything becomes moist during their prevalence, wine and malt liquors in *cask* being also affected by them, becoming muddy, and remaining so even after bottling, if bottled at this period."

The winter at Malta is generally mild, although the north winds are sharp and penetrating. A good deal of rain falls during the season, "hail occasionally," says Mr. Badger, "but snow never."

"Storms are not frequent, and then not very violent, although there is in general much thunder during the winter. In cases when the claps are of long duration, and are known by their sound to be in the vicinity of the island, all the bells of the churches are made to ring. This, however, is generally delayed until the clouds containing the electrical fluid are in the zenith, from which, as it is natural to expect, they soon pass away, and with them the lightning and its consequences. This natural phenomenon is attributed by many of the superstitious natives to the holy character of the bells," on account of their having been baptized.

A spring day at Malta is a luxury to be remembered for life,—then the flowers are in their full beauty, and the air is heavy with perfume; but this is a subject we are not inclined to venture on after the letter of our former Correspondent on the same subject (No. 550).

Having said thus much about Malta and the Maltese, we must give a specimen of the historical narrative of Mr. Badger's little volume:—

"On the 3rd of April 1807, this fort [Ricasoli] was the scene of an event, which as it is but little known, may be worth recording. During the progress of the war, when the necessity of large military supplies was hardly satisfied by the resources of our country, the expedient was adopted by our Government of entering into a commercial contract with different speculators, who engaged, for a certain remuneration, to levy troops, according to the emergency, from the peasantry of different countries, to be rendered disposable for foreign service, when that service did not seem to require more trustworthy or veteran troops. A French noble proposed to raise for the Mediterranean service a regiment, composed entirely of Greeks. The bargain being struck, he proceeded to gather together from the Levant, Archipelago, and the Continent, a horde of various men, Greeks, Albanians, Scythians, and what not, who were to be enrolled under the English banners, with the title of *Froberg's Regiment*. In a short time they were equipped, transported to Malta, and appointed to occupy this fort. \*\* The severe exercise over the Frobergs by their commanders was increasingly aggravated, when they found that all the specious promises of professional dignity, with which they had been lured into the service, were vain and delu-

sive. A frequent use of bodily punishment, often inflicted by caprice, ripened these soldiers for rebellion, and the occasion of an officer striking a drummer on the face with a cane was the signal for open revolt. Several officers were killed by the rebels, and finally they closed the gates against the garrison of Valetta and declared themselves independent. In their stronghold, these rebels bid defiance to the numerous troops that were at that time stationed in the garrison, and the dubious measures of the military governor Villette, then second in command, so far assisted them, as to leave nothing to be dreaded but the consequence of blockade, which was established forthwith. An English artillery-officer and several of his men, who were still imprisoned within the fort, were obliged to assist in pointing the guns, and firing over shot into the city. The scarcity of provisions, and the absence of all subordination among the rebels, soon produced intestine quarrels, which, as might be expected in such a company, soon terminated in bloodshed. This state of things did not continue long; a large section burst open the gates, threw themselves in the midst of the English troops, leaving behind about one hundred and fifty of their companions in possession of the fort. These resolute fellows still continued to man the walls, and to keep up their former hostile proceedings. Their affairs, however, were soon rendered desperate. An English Naval officer, named Capt. Collins, offered to take upon himself the capture of the fort; and accordingly succeeded in storming it by night, and in securing all the men, with the exception of six, who took possession of the powder-magazine, and there defied the courage of the assailants, by protesting that they would blow it up in case they persevered in their endeavours to seize them. \*\* Confident of making advantageous terms with the Governor, they persisted in their obstinate resistance, and made no advances towards a surrender. From time to time some one presented himself in order to negotiate with the besiegers, but to no avail; nothing but an unconditional surrender would be listened to by the Commandant. Five days passed away in this manner, during which time all their urgent entreaties for provision were obstinately refused, and the unfortunate wretches were reduced to a most pitiable condition. On the sixth these entreaties were pressed with additional importunities, and seconded with the threat, that in case of a refusal, or the non-assurance of pardon, they would blow up the fort as soon as the vesper-bell tolled from St. John's cathedral. No notice was taken of this desperate menace, nor any thought entertained that these six men valued life so little as to join together in so horrible a design for their own destruction. All was still until the appointed hour, when the fatal crash was heard, the stones of the magazine were seen rising in the air, and the whole building, with a part of the fortification, was reduced to ruins. The loss sustained by the besiegers from this explosion was considerable. Some time had already elapsed, and the affair of the rebels had ceased to be talked of, when a priest returning home on a donkey, from a rather solitary quarter in the direction of the fort, was assailed by a man dressed in the Froberg uniform, who pointed his musket at him over a wall, and apparently intended to make him the receptacle of its contents. The affrighted father immediately took to his heels, and upon his arrival at home made known the circumstance to the police. An armed body was forthwith sent in pursuit of the bandit, which succeeded in discovering the retreat of the six poor wretches, whom it was imagined had been blown up with the magazine. Pale and emaciated, they were secured with ease. \*\* From their own account of their escape, it appears, that during the siege they had continued to carry out one of the mines to the precincts of the fortifications, leaving but a slender wall to obstruct their retreat, which they might throw down in a moment, during the night, without any noise, when they wished to escape. Until this work was completed, they continued to make every appearance of holding out, but when all was ready, a train of powder was laid at a sufficient distance to secure them from the effects of the explosion, and which they kindled at the precise time of their threat. It seems to have been the hope of the rebels, that in getting free from the fort, they might fall in with some vessel on the coast, and thus make their escape from the island. It afterwards appeared, that they

had actually attempted to seize a small boat, upon which occasion they narrowly escaped being apprehended."

Here we should have concluded, but that we desire once again to bring under consideration the remains of early Christian Art, which, having survived the destruction or the indifference of ages, still exist in Malta. Our readers may perhaps recollect that a Correspondent has more than once adverted to this subject; and we rejoice to say that there is now a hope that those choice and rare works will be rescued from oblivion. Fortunately for the lovers of art, the little island possesses an artist than whom it would be difficult to find one better qualified for the task, Mr. Hyzler, whom our Correspondent mentioned as having enjoyed the friendship and imbibed the tastes of Overbeck, at Rome, unites, we are assured, the profound reverence for art, as a means of promoting the highest moral and intellectual culture; the knowledge of its history, with the precision, delicacy, and purity of design which are required to do justice to such a work. The sentiment which characterizes the early productions of Christian art is so peculiar, that it is impossible even to imitate them with success, without something of a corresponding sentiment. Of this truth the artists of the continent are so persuaded, that they are endeavouring to force their convictions and their feelings into the state which produced such sublime results. It is fortunate when no such got-up enthusiasm is needed, and where the artist sincerely and unaffectedly feels the same sanctity in his work, as the great masters felt whose footsteps he loves to follow. For this cause, and from the accuracy and beauty of such of Mr. Hyzler's *drawings* as we have seen, we are convinced the work will be worthy the attention of all admirers of the highest and purest style of art.

At present, the mode, plan, and other details of publication, are undecided; and we confess we are not without dread that the artist may be driven to France or Germany, as affording a more genial atmosphere for such an undertaking than England. Much as we should regret that it should be left to any other country to extend a fostering hand to the first considerable book on art emanating from Malta, we cannot deny, that, for a chance of general appreciation or interest, France, and still more Germany, would be preferable to England. The number of persons in England who have any perception of the merits, or any understanding of the significance of the early schools of Italy and Germany are extremely few. With us, painting, and even sculpture, are not only in fact and practice *imitative arts*, but that is the name generally applied to them; and when we say a picture is very like nature (meaning by that, individual existence), we think we utter praise. No wonder then that the sublime types of the super-human, which the early church kept pure from all admixture of the individualities that recall the men and women of ordinary life, find few admirers among us: no wonder that the lovely and graceful women, whom the less earnest and devout painters of later ages dignified with the holy name of the Madonna, are more acceptable to our tastes than the severer beauty of earlier representations.

The artists and critics of the continent are beginning to find out, that painting meant something more than embellished portraiture, when the artist who covered the walls of the church was actuated by the same sentiment, and deemed himself labouring in the same cause as the priest who officiated at the altar, or the composer, who gave another utterance to devout thoughts. They are beginning to perceive, that works of art are refined and sublime, precisely in proportion as the sentiment that inspires them is refined and sublime; and that, whatever be the technical defects of the fathers of art, and whatever the technical merits of their successors, the eye that seeks in art the expression of the highest thoughts, must seek it in the ages before it became tributary to, or dependent on, mere mortal desires and affections. Whether the spirit of those ages can ever be restored, is a question we have no mind to enter upon—not does it concern the present matter, which is only to preserve what the past has left us. The

+ The German *bildende künste*, (forming or creative arts,) which is in constant use, betrays, as language often does, the wide difference in thought and conception.

desire to out Europe mainly con hope that and indu splendour. The f of the ch her's book A Series of Hyster in Italian. The work copied with schools, of in Malta are wholly or their va habitants them have now rescue hardly need. The collected intrinsic m of the fol 1st Part. The cry places of later age in new of Ma said, poss stands. I decorated illustrations almost entire the crum show the cussion, which school. The and hardness of The cry frisco pal likewise e 2nd Part. Some o the fresco mens of t ales in t We may the cath conform Byzantine lines of t painting. Among oil painting the order Rhodes, a 1530. It the galley Turk, where represents Joseph of ieh. Mary 3rd. Ill. The lat They were and were of that is dim, and the 4th. End. Among Rhodes b took. It brought figure of 5th. Secu 6th. Secu Some o workmen brought f the centre tronimic. 7th. The Of this great mas admirable Giorgione to the des It is there the exquisi contains.— threaten mode of ad masters of a panel, in woods. The design vation of especially chose by ture, that with the g

desire to do this, seems now to be awakened throughout Europe. As antiquarians, the English have certainly contributed greatly to this movement; and we hope that, as antiquarians, they will second the zeal and industry devoted to rescuing from oblivion the vestiges of antiquity in Malta, and the relics of the splendours of the proud order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The following *catalogue raisonné* will give an idea of the class of subjects to be included in Mr. Hyzer's book:—

*A Series of Outline Engravings, from Drawings by Giuseppe Hyzer; with Notices Historical, Descriptive, and Critical, in Italian and English.*

The work in question will contain about 300 drawings, copied with scrupulous fidelity from works of art of various schools, of the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, existing in Malta. These remarkable remains of early Christian art are wholly unknown to Europe, and, indeed, their existence or their value has hitherto been so little suspected by the inhabitants of the island, that many of the most precious among them have been abandoned to the ravages of time, and if not now rescued from oblivion, will soon perish altogether. It is hardly necessary to add, that no engravings of them exist. The collection has a twofold interest; that derived from the intrinsic merit of the subjects, and that attached to the history of the island as it regards art.

The following list will give some idea of its contents:

1st. Paintings in fresco.

The crypt, or subterranean chapels, which served as places of worship to the primitive Christians, were, in the latter ages of the church, adorned with frescos. Among these we may particularize the crypt of St. Agatha, patroness of Malta. She was of a Catonese family, and, as it is said, possessed the spot of ground on which the chapel stands. It is hewn in the living rock, and the walls are decorated with twenty-four figures nearly as large as life, illustrating the history of the saint. Of these, some are almost entirely effaced, or, rather, destroyed by damp and the crumbling of the rock; of others enough remains to show the inimitable grace, and purity of design and expression, which characterize the early specimens of the Tuscan school. The colouring, where not corroded, is as gorgeous and harmonious as a Venetian picture, and the fresco, for hardness and polish of surface, equal to the most celebrated of Italy.

The crypt of the Abbatic contains vestiges of still earlier fresco painting. There are some specimens of the same art likewise existing in the oldest parish churches of the island.

2nd. Paintings on Wood.

Some of these, in distemper, are contemporaneous with the frescos in the crypt. There are several curious specimens of the Byzantine school of the same date as the Monks in the churches of Santa Sophia at Constantinople. We may particularly mention the picture of St. Paul, in the cathedral at Città Vecchia, the drapery of which, in conformity with a practice introduced in a later stage of Byzantine art, is covered with massive silver in relief—the lines of the folds exactly corresponding with those of the painting beneath.

Among the most interesting and beautiful specimens of oil painting on wood, is a Triptych which accompanied the order of St. John of Jerusalem on their expulsion from Rhodes, and on the final establishment in Malta in the year 1300. It was regarded with peculiar veneration, and when the galley of the order put to sea to give battle to the Turks, it was invariably taken on board the Admiral's gallery, where it served as an altar-piece. The middle panel represents the deposition from the Cross; the right wing Joseph of Arimathea, with the crown of thorns; and the left Mary Magdalene with the pot of ointment.

3rd. Illuminated Manuscripts and Choral Books.

The latter are of the German school of the 13th century. They were executed by order of Grand Master L'Isle Adam, and were used at Rhodes during the last years of the tenure of that island by the order. They accompanied it to Messina, and thence finally to Malta.

4th. Embroidery on Tapestry.

Among these is a work of rare beauty, also brought from Rhodes by the order, and of the same date as the choral books. It consists of sacred vestments, on which are wrought the history of the life of our Saviour, and various figures of saints.

5th. Sculpture in Wood or Marble, and work in Bronze.

6th. Sacred utensils in metal, chiefly in Silver.

Some of these are of the most elaborate and beautiful workmanship, especially the crucifixes, and an ostensorium brought from Rhodes. One of the crosses is executed in singularly bold and beautiful alto-relievo. On one side, in the centre, is a figure of Christ on the Cross, and at the extremities the four Evangelists.

7th. Tarsia, or Inlaid Wood.

Of this art, which was carried to such perfection by the great masters of Italy in the 15th century, a few of the most admirable productions now remain. "They were," says Ciconard in his "Storia della Scultura," "the first to yield to the desolating effects of war, or to the accidents of fire." It is therefore the more desirable to preserve from oblivion the exquisite specimens which the cathedral of Malta still contains,—the more so, as the ravages made by the worms threaten their complete destruction. According to the mode of adorning choirs of cathedrals, practised by the great masters of Tarsia, the back of each canon's stall consists of a panel, in which the figure of a saint is inlaid in various woods. The ground is the *nere*, or black walnut of Sicily. The designs have all the purity, grace, simplicity, and elevation of the early Florentine school. St. Michael may be specially mentioned as of matchless beauty. The moment chosen by the artist is not, as in Raffaele's celebrated picture, that of excitement and conflict; but in conformity with the genius of art, whether Greek or Christian, in its

earlier stages, that of repose. The victory is achieved. The conquered fiend is at his feet, and the warrior Angel stands "severe in youthful beauty," in an attitude of celestial grace and unruffled majesty. The figure of St. Margaret, St. Catherine, and others, are conceived in the same purity of taste. A Nativity, embracing a number of figures, is not more remarkable for its elaborate execution than for a beauty of grouping, and a touching simplicity worthy of the contemporary Mantegna.

As regards the history of Malta, the work will prove the remarkable fact, that painting was cultivated in the island at the same time that it gave signs of revival in Italy; and that it continued to advance with equal steps so long as circumstances permitted.

The work will be in folio, in order that compositions consisting of a number of figures may not be too minute. The engravings will be in pure outline, except where the nature of the subject requires some little chiaro-scuro. To give a more perfect idea of the original, one or more heads of the actual size will be annexed to every subject. The work will be illustrated with notices throwing light on the respective subjects; their date, origin, or character; in short, whatever can interest the antiquarian or the artist. The text will be printed in Italian and English.

N.B.—The author of the present work has determined on concluding it at the close of the 16th century; not from any want of materials, which are even more abundant in the succeeding centuries, but because engravings in outline can represent nothing but composition and drawing, and these are unquestionably not the distinguishing merits of the artists who flourished posterior to the epoch at which the work ceases; outlines of their works could therefore only have served to swell the volume, without commensurate advantage.

We sincerely wish success to this work. Few places afford a more favourable opportunity of examining into the fusion of Byzantine, Italian, and German art, than Malta. Its vicinity to Greece, the existence of Greek settlers, the immediate transition of the order from Rhodes, bearing with it various treasures and ornaments of its church, and the continual intercourse with the East, have conspired to render specimens of Byzantine art not uncommon in the island. It is the more desirable to preserve them, as the principal Greek church was pulled down a few years ago. The walls were covered with paintings in distemper, on wood, many of which, we are informed, rudely sawn in pieces, may still be seen in the collection of a Maltese gentleman.

While we are on the subject of lost churches, we cannot help expressing our regret, that Mr. Gally Knight did not add a Maltese chapter to his book, "The Normans in Sicily." He would have found traces of the great Count, and his gallant followers, even in Malta; and he might, perhaps, if he had visited it before 1832, have prevented the destruction of the one Norman church in the island.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*England and its People.—The Little Book of Knowledge.—Pinnock's Nature Displayed.—Alfred Moreland.—Child of the Atlantic.*—Amusement and relaxation are just as much part and parcel of education as direct instruction; the effect, whether for good or evil, of a fable or a story, is equal to that of a precept or a lesson; yet we fear that parents and guardians do not sufficiently scrutinize the books they place in the hands of their children, and, at best, only bestow on them a cursory glance, to see that they contain nothing positively vicious. But in our moral, as in our physical constitution, the presence of absolute poison is not necessary to produce injury—improper food is scarcely less destructive—"milk for babes, meat for strong men," is an aphorism that belongs to the moralist as well as the physician. In most of the books for children which now come before us, we find this truth neglected—those designed for instruction offer only the dry bones of knowledge, those intended for amusement are full of perverse dogmatism. It seems to be quite forgotten, that a child is full of sympathies: it talks to its doll—it caresses its pet—it sees every possible vent for its young affections. So far as personification is poetry, a child is a poet; for it attributes life and feeling to every object by which it is surrounded. The principles of hope and honourable ambition are strong in the youthful breast—it aspires after greatness and excellence; visions of virtue and glory are the day-dreams of youth. Unfortunately, the tendency of juvenile literature in these days is "to check the genial current of the soul:" we offer to the young, pictures of vice, drawn with startling minuteness—we expose the workings of evil motive and depraved passion, thus at once striking at the root of the generous confidence natural to youth, and

planting in its place moroseness and suspicion. Even in our delineations of virtue, there is a coldness almost repulsive: the heroes and heroines are brought up as pure rationalists; their sympathies are neglected; even filial affection is represented as a matter of calculation—a debtor and creditor account between benefits received and gratitude returned. A greater error is the attempt to convey abstruse doctrines into the youthful mind. Every writer for children now deems it necessary to point out the workings of Providence in the moral government of the universe.

Time was, when such a subject was deemed an awful mystery—when it was humbly confessed that the ways of the Infinite are beyond the comprehension of the finite; but now, the lower we descend in the scale of literature, the bolder do we find the tone assumed in discussing and deciding points which Milton declared beyond the grasp of celestial intelligences. Where Paley doubts, Pinnock dogmatizes. Controversial divinity is broken up into nursery tales; the Church Catechism is explained in a series of novels; and we have seen a book for young children, called "Tales of the Martyrs," in which they are invited to discuss the character of the present administration! O for the good old days of Mother Goose! We have made these few remarks on what is called the Juvenile Literature of the age, to show, that the examination of children's books is no unimportant part of a critic's duty; and we shall now proceed to examine the lot before us. *England and its People* is a brief account of the progress of the English nation in civil and religious institutions, habits, manners, and social life. The style is simple and unpretending, and the anecdotes well selected; but some of the reflections introduce topics beyond the range of a child's comprehension. On the whole, however, the book is one of the best histories for the young we have recently seen. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts, but those only are good which are intended to render intelligible descriptions of costume, &c. The worst thing about *The Little Book of Knowledge* is its name, which is quite inappropriate. It is an explanation of some natural objects likely to attract the notice of an inquisitive child. It is written in a pleasing style, and the wood-cuts are very pretty.—*Pinnock's Nature Displayed* is mere twaddle. Take the following specimen. A child asks—"Is thunder the voice of God?" His tutor replies—"It is that sound which he ordains, and makes by the stroke of concussion; that is, the striking together of the elements, and which, as it proclaims his power and presence, may justly be called the voice of God." In another place, we find mention made of Divine Theology, which is, we suppose, somewhat similar to "white whiteness"; and finally, the opinion of Spinoza, that "the universe is a body of which God is the soul," is quoted as an aphorism of which no one can doubt.—*Alfred Moreland* is an account supposed to be given by a traveller to a youth eager to visit foreign lands, of the most curious and interesting animals at home and abroad. The subjects are hackneyed, and no new information is given, but the selections from the old stock are judicious. The wood-cuts are deserving of praise, both for design and execution.—*The Child of the Atlantic* is a kind of juvenile "Oliver Twist." The author displays considerable skill in the descriptions both of scenery and character, but the story contains too many pictures of vulgar vice to be trusted with safety in youthful hands.

*List of New Books.—The Claims of Christian Philanthropy, by Robert Whytehead, B.A., 8vo. 6s. cl.—Cicerone's Opera Selecta, Edinburgh Academy, 18mo. 4s. bd.—Hunter's Virgil, 5th edit. 18mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—The Student and Traveller's Guide to French Conversation, new edit. 18mo. 4s. hf-bd.—Pattsey's Juvenile Class-book, new edit. 12mo. 2s. bd.—Earnshaw's Dynamics, new edit. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Hildyard's Aulularia, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Moseley's Lectures on Astronomy, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Bloomfield's Greek Testament, 3rd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 40s. cl.—Foster on Popular Ignorance, royal 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Letters of Mrs. Isabella Graham, by Rev. James Marshall, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Cox on the Second Advent, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Wilson's (Rev. William) Sermons for Children, Part I. "Genesis," 18mo. 3s. cl.—Sermons Preached at Chester, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor, crown 8vo. 8s. cl.—Scott's Bible, 6 vols. 4to, new edit. 6s. 6s. cl.—Memoir of E. F. Biddle, fc. 2s. 6d. cl.—Roscoe's Grand Junction Railway, 8vo. 14s. cl.—Mary and Florence at Sixteen, 2nd edit. fc. 6s. cl.—Line upon Line, Part I. new edit. 2s. 6d. cl.—Palmer's Treatise on the Church, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. bds.—Davidson's Pocket Biblical Dictionary, 24mo. 4s. cl.—Mauder's British Biography, fc. 4s. cl.—Trials of*

**the Heart**, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—**England and its People**, 18mo. 5s. cl.—**Anthon's Caesar**, by Boyd, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.—**Burgess on the Physiology of Blushing**, 8vo. 6s. cl.—**Colburn's Modern Novelist**, Vol. XVII. ‘Richelieu,’ by James, fc. 6s. cl.—**Walkingame's Arithmetic**, by Fraser, new edit. 12mo. 2s. bd.—**Fraser's Key to Walkingame**, new edit. 12mo. 4s. bd.—**Philosophy in Sport**, new edit. fc. 10s. 6d. cl.—**Extracts for Schools and Families**, 12mo. 4s.—**Kenrick's Greek Exercises**, Part I, new edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—**Geography and History**, by a Lady, new edit. 4s. 6d. bd.—**Lamb's Poetical Works**, new edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—**Cruchley's Picture of London**, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. sewed, 4s. 6d. with map.—**Duncan on the Culture of the Melon**, 8vo. 5s. cl.—**Flood's Surgical Anatomy of the Arteries**, 12mo. 7s. cl.—**The New Aid to Memory**, 8vo. 7s. cl.—**Stewart's First Book of Modern Geography**, fc. 1s. swd.—**Davidson's Test of Prophecy**, royal 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—**Stone's Exposition of the Church Catechism**, 12mo. 3s. cl.—**M'Mahon's Jamaica Plantership**, 12mo. 5s. cl.—**Quetelet on Probabilities**, translated by R. Beaman, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—**Cavelier's Specimens of Gothic Architecture**, 2nd edit. 4to. 63s. hf-bd.—**Jones on the Diseases of Women**, 8vo. 8s. cl.—**Blackstone on the Rights of Persons**, by Stewart, 8vo. 20s. bds.—**The Child's Library**, ‘Adventures of Philip Quarle,’ square 2s. 6d. cl.—**The Mirror of Parliament**, Session I. Victoria, 8 vols. 8vo. 12s. 10s. swd.—**Digest of Parliamentary Papers**, 1837-8, 8vo. 10s. cl.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Committee of the Nelson Testimonial have wisely resolved to return all the designs, leaving it to the several candidates, and to others, to alter and amend the old, or furnish new ones. This was the only sensible course open to the Committee. The fruitless distribution among the competitors of a few hundred pounds, is a matter of little consequence—far better than expending some twenty-five or thirty thousand, to set up an everlasting laughing-stock for the amusement of foreigners. At the same time, the strange result has awakened a good deal of speculation; and people naturally ask how it is, that among the countrymen of Wren and Flaxman, there was not a single candidate who had contrived to steal a rag of their mantles to conceal his nakedness?—or why, when a great national work is projected, the men whom we most desire to see intrusted with its execution, refuse even to become candidates for the high honour. This latter fact may fairly be assumed as proof that there is something fundamentally wrong in the manner in which these Public Competitions are conducted. We were well pleased, therefore, to receive a Report on this subject, made by a Special Committee, lately appointed by the Institution of British Architects. Unfortunately, the grounds of inquiry were limited to “Public Competitions for Architectural Designs”—a restriction obviously needless, for the governing principle must be the same in all; and the Committee, still further to abridge their power of usefulness, set out with the determination to offer no opinion on “the policy of competitions in general, or the comparative advantages of open or select competitions.” In fact, the investigation was avowedly limited to “the system as it now exists”—that is, simply to consider how best to secure to some triton of the minnows, the prize for which only minnows will contend. But, after all the precautionary policy of the Committee, they could not escape from the consideration of fundamental principles; and they have hardly entered on their Report, before they observe—“When we consider the variety of attainment necessary for the production of an architectural design,” [or a picture or a sculptural monument,] “it is not too much to expect some corresponding qualifications, together with deep and patient consideration, on the part of those who take upon themselves to sit in judgment upon it.” The Committee, then, are of opinion, that those who “sit in judgment” do not always possess the right “qualifications”—in fact, that they are incompetent. Why, to be sure they are; and here is the be-all and the end-all of the whole question. How, then, do the Committee propose to remedy the evil? There is not a word or a hint on the subject in the whole Report:—the question is lost in details, the result of which is merely to make incompetence more manifest, and the decision of the incompetent less manifest. Seriously, if the Committee could devise no means by which, on occasions like this of the Nelson Testimonial, to rouse into competition the genius of the country, then, to the country, the question is a matter of indifference; for what does it concern us, whether Cibber's self or Cibber's brainless brothers

carry off a prize awarded to mediocrity or incompetence? The truth is, the evil is deep-seated, and in a direction which the Committee were unwilling to probe for it. Many circumstances, however, which tend to aggravate it are obvious enough. The usual Committees, from their very nature and constitution, are defective; the co-equal authority of ignorance and knowledge is an unavoidable consequence; and, worse than all, the numbers numberless that sit in judgment, divide responsibility until none remains. As to the suggestions often proposed by which to avoid favouritism—the substitution of mottoes and ciphers for names, and so forth—they have no reference to the true nature of the mischief, and are insufficient even for the poor purpose for which they are intended; for if a Committee be judiciously packed and resolved on a job, we have proof enough, in the Wellington Memorial, that they are not to be deterred from their purpose by public opinion.

Prof. Daubeny has published a second letter to the Members of Convocation, wherein he has adduced further evidence in confirmation of his opinions.—

“In the statement,” he observes, “which I laid before you a few days ago, concerning the decreased attendance on the Chemical Lectures, I expressed my belief that the classes of other Professors who lecture on subjects alien to those required in the Examination Schools, would be found to have experienced a corresponding diminution. I have since been supplied by three of my colleagues with more specific statements with reference to this point, from which it would appear, that the falling off has in one case been considerably greater, and in the other two, equally great with that in my own. Thus, Dr. Kidd reports, that during the period intervening between the years 1819 and 1828, the number of his pupils amounted to two hundred and eighty-eight, averaging twenty-nine yearly; whereas, between 1829 and 1838, their amount was only one hundred and seventy-five, or seventeen and a half yearly. For the last five years, however, the ratio of decrease has greatly exceeded the above calculation; for in 1834, the number of his pupils amounted only to six; in 1835, to ten; in 1836, to four; in 1837, to ten; and in 1838, to ten. Prof. Rigaud informs me, that from 1818 to 1828 the number of his pupils contributed by the whole University averaged forty-two annually; whereas, from 1828 to the present time, it scarcely exceeded eight. Here also, as in the case of the Anatomical Lectures, and in that of my own, the diminution appears to have been going on in an accelerated ratio during the last five or six years; for in 1833 Prof. Rigaud derived from all the other colleges, excepting Christchurch, only four pupils; in 1834, six; in 1835, none at all; in 1836, two; in 1837, five; and again in 1838, none whatever. With respect to the Lectures in Geology and Mineralogy, Prof. Buckland has communicated to me the following particulars:—In confirmation of the statement set forth in your letter of the 24th of February to the Members of Convocation, respecting the rapid decrease of attendance on the Public Lectures of Professors in this University during the last eight years, I wish it to be known, that I have experienced a similar and nearly simultaneous diminution in the number of persons attending my courses both in Geology and Mineralogy. This decrease began about seven years ago, the average number of pupils since that time having been nearly one-half less than during more than fifteen years preceding it.” These are startling facts—and we trust they will not have been urged in vain.

We had occasion lately to notice the growing discrepancy between what may be considered as formal education and the education of circumstances, the new fields of moral usefulness thereby opened to our public teachers, the new duties imposed on them, and the certainty that the work then under consideration, Mr. Fox's Lectures, must be received as a first fruit offering from a pioneer in the new lands. In these days of newspapers and the steam press, society makes rapid and unprecedented progress; and we have already to record, as further confirmation of our opinion, that the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith has commenced a series of lectures, ‘On Revelation and Geology,’ and a lecture on the Geology of the strata which have been passed on it by many religious persons. At the first lecture there was not, we should suppose, fewer than 250 persons present,

among whom we observed Prof. Phillips, Mr. R. Taylor, Mr. Gray, and as many ladies as gentlemen.

On Saturday evening last, the President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, gave his first Soirée to the Fellows. The style of the entertainment was rather more sumptuous than has been usual, or is indeed desirable, at these scientific meetings, but all present had reason to be well satisfied with the courteous attention and personal kindness of the President. Mr. Bauer's specimens of M. Niepce's Heliographie, and specimens of photogenic drawing, by Mr. Fox Talbot and Sir John Herschel, were exhibited on the occasion.

A correspondent has obligingly favoured us with a table of meteorological observations made at Alten on the coast of Norway, in latitude 69° 54', for twelve months, from October 1837 to September 1838 inclusive. A brief account of the chief results obtainable from it will not be unacceptable to our scientific readers. The hottest month of the year at Alten is July, the mean temperature of which is 54° Fah., being near 10° above the mean heat of June, and 6° above that of August. In both the latter months the thermometer occasionally sunk to the freezing point; in July it never descended below 34°; the greatest heat indicated by it in the same month was 78°. The coldest month in the year is February, the mean heat of which, according to our table, is 9°.013, the range of the thermometer being from 30°.2 to -16°.6. Here we may observe, that the same cause which delays the greatest cold till seven months after the season of greatest heat, is obviously that which mitigates the severity of winter at Alten. In the same parallel of latitude in Siberia, the mean temperature of winter is 30° or 40° lower, and the greatest cold occurs in January. But on the coast of Norway the sea must be robbed of its warmth before aggravated cold is perceptible in the atmosphere, and thus a month of mid-winter is deprived of its rigours. The justness of this reasoning is manifest from another consideration; for if some calorific influence, such as the vicinity of the ocean, were not operating on the atmosphere at Alten, the month of January having the clearest sky, ought also to have the extreme cold. To the clearness of this month it must be ascribed, that the Aurora Borealis appeared during it no less than seventeen times. In February, which was colder, but also more clouded, than January, the Aurora was seen but six times. We shall conclude our summary with stating, that the mean height of the barometer during the observed year at Alten, was 29.771 inches; the mean annual temperature was 32.017 Fah.

We observe that there has been offered to our architects a premium of 250l. for the best, and 150l. for the second best design, for a new public Hall at Liverpool, upon which the sum of 30,000l. is to be expended, the Corporation giving the land for its site. This spacious room is to contain an orchestra and an organ, to rival or exceed the Birmingham instrument. There is some chance of a like *desideratum* being supplied to the metropolis: for Exeter Hall, however spacious, is the worst possible room for all musical purposes. The Committee of the Concerts à la Musard, we are told, are about to migrate westward: a sum of 60,000l. having been raised for the erection of premises suitable to their accommodation. The purchase of the Carlton Hotel and Mr. Rainy's rooms, in Regent Street, was under consideration—but some objections were raised on the score of expense, and the site is as yet, we believe, undetermined. Meanwhile, besides the band at the Colosseum, and M. Schallehn's at Willis's Rooms, *The Quadrille and Concert Institute*, conducted by Messrs. Coote and Tinney, and led by Messrs. Richards and Patey, is doing its best to convert England into what it has never hitherto been, namely, a dancing nation. The new orchestra appears tolerably well proportioned, tolerably forcible, neat, and delicate; but we have yet to hear the native band which can play waltz-music. It would seem as if concert-rooms, like misfortunes, were “never to come single,” if we are to put trust in a rumour floating abroad among the musical circles, that M. Laporte has some thoughts of purchasing Her Majesty's Theatre, and intends so to change or reconstruct its present most uncomfortable Concert-

room, as to scale. The estate removed this to which the best It is the Specimens of its under the prospect.

The *Art Wednesday* of Cambridge and Miss Phillips, as and the al makes this add, that at Exeter

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room, as to fit it for performances on the grandest scale. The Philharmonic Concerts must then be removed thither, or their existence seriously perilled by the establishment of rival instrumental concerts, to which the Opera manager, by his monopoly of the best Italian singers, could give great attraction. The speculation is a promising one as to the profits of its undertaker: less propitious, however, as regards the prospects of art in England.

The *Antient Concerts* commenced their season on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Duke of Cambridge, and with Miss Romer, Miss Woodynay, and Miss Fanny Wyndham, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Phillips, as principal singers. The want of novelty, and the absence of progress in these exhibitions, makes this simple announcement sufficient. We may add, that 'The Creation' was performed last evening at Exeter Hall.

Our fragmentary history of the Daguerotype would hardly be complete without a notice of the recent fire at the Diorama in Paris, by which, we are told, that M. Daguerre has lost not only three of his grand pictures (one a new interior of Santa Maria Maggiore), but likewise several instruments and new drawings, which had been employed in and produced by his recent experiments.

The other news of the week from Paris, informs us of the transmission of the "July Column" from the foundry in the Faubourg de Roule, to its destination, the Place de la Bastille; and of the recent performance of Racine's 'Esther,' which, it will be remembered, was written at Madame de Maintenon's instance, for the ladies of Saint Cyr. Mdlle. Rachel, of course, was the heroine; and the revival of the drama, by an odd coincidence, fell upon her own birth-day,—the hundred and sixtieth anniversary of its first representation,—and the feast Purim of the Israelites.

At home, the selection of Mr. Baily's plan for the new Royal Exchange is notified; and the 27th of August officially proclaimed as the day appointed for the British Association, which is to be held at Birmingham. The musical meetings will be at Oxford, Worcester, and Norwich, over which last our Gresham professor is to preside, in place of Sir George Smart. —At the Annual Meeting of the Literary Fund Society, on Wednesday last, the Marquis of Northampton was elected a Vice-President, in the room of Lord Carrington, deceased; Mr. Charles Dickens, and Mr. John Bruce, members of the Committee; and Mr. Blewitt, Secretary, in the room of the Rev. Whittington Landon, resigned. It was announced that His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had consented to preside at the Anniversary Dinner, on the 8th of May; and that 1000/-, free of legacy duty, had lately been bequeathed to the Society.

#### BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE MODEL OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO is NOW EXHIBITED AT THE EXETER HALL, PICCADILLY, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from Two o'clock in the afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.—Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.—Admission 1s. each.

#### ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, ADELAIDE STREET, WEST STRAND.

Brilliant Phenomena of Polarized Light, shown by the Oxydron Microscope. Scientific Models of Chemistry, Hydrostatics, &c., Mr. M. Jennings' Safety Signal Lamp, to prevent the Collision of Steam and other Vessels; Electric Eel; Magnetism; Working Models of Steam Engines, &c., in action; and numberless other attractive objects connected with the practical application of Science to the Arts.—Admission, 1s.—Open from Ten o'clock daily.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.\*

SAT.	Asiatic Society	Two, p.m.
MON.	Society of British Architects	Eight.
	(Statistical Society)	Eight.
TUES.	Horticultural Society	Three.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight.
	Linnean Society	Three.
WED.	Society of Arts	4 p. Seven.
THUR.	Royal Society	4 p. Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
FRI.	Royal Institution	4 p. Eight.

\* The current week's Reports, from the pressure of other matter, are unavoidably deferred.

#### FINE ARTS

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Lalla Rookh*—illustrated with engravings.—The same catholicity of spirit which permits us to admire, though "with difference," what is artificial as well as what is natural—the grand gallery at Versailles, as well as the grand elm avenue at Strathfieldsay—a chorus from 'Les Huguenots' as well as one of Rossini's melodies—'Lalla Rookh,' as well as 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—would have led us to tolerate any reasonable quantity of what is conventional, and even meretricious, in this new series of illustrations. But Messrs. Corbould and Stephanoff and Kenny Meadows, (the last, how different, in his 'Heads of the People!') have bestowed all their thoughts and attention on how best to "perfume the violet." The "modesty of nature" is a thing unknown to our modern book decorators, and accordingly cypress waists, meteoric tresses, veils woven of spangled air, jewels, beside which the "mountain of light" itself would show but as a molehill—are distributed with oriental prodigality to all the ladies—while their lovers owe little less to the wardrobe-keeper and the hair-dresser.

If, however, our artists fail in design, they excel in the humble department of landscape: not perhaps, in the ideal landscape, but in the artless and spirited delineation of nature as she is. Those, if such there be, who doubt the justice of our praise, may be, without hesitation, referred to Mr. Vivian's *Scenery of Portugal and Spain*—a worthy addition to the gallery opened by Mr. Roberts' drawings. There is a fantastic richness in the architecture of the Peninsula—(vide the *Cloister of the Penha Convent, at Cintra*, and many other of the town views)—a rich intermixture of the aloe and palm of the East, the vine of the South, and the oak of the North, in the landscapes,—to say nothing of costumes, whose native picturesqueness no cunning draftsman could have exceeded—which lend themselves to the sketcher most willingly; and most skilfully, by the aid of Mr. Hagede's lithography, has Mr. Vivian given them to the public. We do not remember a more attractive work of its kind. We must specify among other beautiful subjects, the drawings of Cintra—Leiria—Torres Vedras—'The Fountain of Towers' at Braga—Tuy on the river Minho, &c. &c. The views around Granada, strange to say, are among the least inviting of the series.

Parts V. and VI. of Mr. Lane's *Dramatic Sketches*, are devoted to the illustration of 'Amilia.' Meaning no offence to the operatic corps, we are nevertheless, bound to say, that the subjects are less agreeable to the eye than those which have appeared in former numbers of the same work. Mr. Lane's likenesses, however, are as usual faithful and spirited, without too much of what is always offensive in a picture—stage expression and attitude.

"Four lines more" (to quote the odd old epitaph) will suffice to dispatch Mr. Bostock's clever portrait of the Rev. Jabez Bunting, engraved by Reynolds, Miss Newell's lithograph of Dr. Elliotson, to which we are sorry we cannot award the same good words, and the eleventh and twelfth parts of Mr. Shaw's cheap, carefully selected, and useful *Encyclopedia of Ornament*.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, FARINELLI; THE LIONS; and THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK. Monday, GAUJLAUME TELL; THE LIONS; and THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK. Tuesday, FARINELLI; THE LIONS; and THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK. Thursday, THE GIPSY'S WARNING; THE LIONS; and THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK. Saturday, FARINELLI; THE LIONS; and THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK, (for the Benefit of Mr. Van Amburgh).

##### COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, RICHELIEU; and THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE. Monday, RICHELIEU; THE PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES; and CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.

Tuesday, THE CLEAR; and ROB ROY, (for the Benefit of a Charitable Institution).

Thursday, RICHELIEU; A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER; and THE ORIGINAL.

##### QUARTETT CONCERTS—HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.

Messrs. BLAGROVE, GATTIE, DANDO, and LUCAS, beg to inform the public that the FOURTH and LAST QUARTETT CONCERT of the present season will take place on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, March 21, when they will be assisted by Miss Wyndham, Mr. Balfe, and Mr. J. L. Hatton, who will perform the Pianoforte part in a piece of Mozart's. The Concert will commence at half-past Eight o'clock.—Tickets, 7s. each, or Four for Guidance to Spectators, may be procured of the Concertmaster of Messrs. Goss & Co., Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell & Co., Bond-street; and Messrs. Collards, Cheapside.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—For those who love opera, the commencement of the season was wretched—for those who prefer the *ballet*, tolerable. We would not, however, dwell on the bad music, bad singing, and bad performance of 'Belisario,' but excuse all three as the usual Lenten fare, were we not obliged to receive them as auguries of what we may have to expect after Easter. For instance, in the absence of Messrs. Albertazzi and Assandri, we must protest against Mrs. Croft,† a native *debutante*, who, though her style bears marks of some teaching, is neither fitted by nature nor education for any stage whatsoever. Her performance of the energetic part of *Antonina* was ridiculous. Neither is it pleasant to anticipate the nightly hissing of Signor Tati, in his capacity of second tenor. Neither (and this is our gravest sorrow) can we at all admit the substitution of Signor F. Lablache for Signor Tamburini. The former sings correctly, it is true, and acts carefully, but we could not help asking regrettably, on Saturday night, who is to perform the parts of *Fernando, Iago*, or *Dou Giovanni, Ricardo* in 'I Puritani,' or *Azzo* in 'Parisina'? Were the present subscription less ample than the last, these retrenchments might have a show of reason. But such is notoriously not the case; and it is necessary for those who would see them remedied, early and strongly to enter their protest. As Signor Monnani will retire when Grisi or Persiani arrives, it is enough to say that she is an agreeable-looking nonentity. The *ballet* is 'Robert le Diable'—a *pasticcio* of some of the scenes and music from Meyerbeer's opera—brilliant and various, and introducing to us some second-rate dancers of a better order than we had last year.

MR. MOSCHELES' MATINÉES.—The last of these excellent Chamber Concerts was the best. The section of stricter music was selected from masters whose names—Clementi's excepted—are rather heard than known in England: and yet Mondionville, with whose 'Toccata et Gigue' the matinée commenced, was, in his day, a person of sufficient importance to render the success of his 'Titan et Aurora' a matter of court intrigue—the part in its favour being taken by that arch-intriguer, Madame Pompadour. To ourselves, the greatest treat of the morning was Beethoven's grand Sonata, Op. 106, for the sake of its slow movement (the most impassioned of slow movements): the strange, confused *finale alla fuga* does not become clear and comprehensible, even when rendered by Moscheles—it's difficulty is immense. Besides this, we heard Weber's duet, Op. 47, for pianoforte and clarinet, in which Mr. Willman played somewhat gently: the tone of his instrument disposes performers towards the plaintive—while the tone of the composition requires passion, spirit, and brilliancy. In the second act, Mr. Moscheles performed a new characteristic study, 'Playfulness,' and his 'Terror';—MS. Concerto, by Sebastian Bach, the *finale* of which has a familiar gaiety almost modern; and the morning wound up with the 'Hommage à Handel,' in which M. Benedict took an efficient part. These Concerts always seem to us to stop at the very time when the public is beginning to discern their value—the audience at the last being the most numerous of any of the series.

MORI AND LINDLEY'S CLASSICAL CONCERTS.—At the last of these meetings the instrumental pieces were Beethoven's Quartett in c minor; a Quartett by Mendelssohn, (in E ♮ minor,) the slow movement and *scherzo* of which possess a freshness and individuality hardly to be found in its first or final *allegro*; one of Corelli's Sonatas, played on the violoncello and double bass, in which Lindley distinguished himself by an extra display of trills and embellishments; Onslow's Sestett, Mr. Moscheles taking the pianoforte part; and Mozart's Quintett in E flat. The music went off tolerably well: an epithet of more decided praise ought to be claimed by the

† Justice compels us to be all the more strict, in proportion as our artists are earning a high character on the Continent. When the Philharmonic Directors wrote the other day to Mendelssohn, inviting him to recommend to them singers for the present season, he answered, by pointing out as the best in Germany, Mrs. A. Shaw and Miss Novello. The latter lady received the enormous sum of *sixty pounds* for one concert at Berlin, which she went from Leipzig to attend; and the concert audience of the latter town, we are told, is already anxious that another English *prima donna* should be engaged for its next season.

